THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ROSSA'S FIRST SPEECH.

The "Dundalk Democrat" Reproduces the Initial Public Utterance of the Uncompromising "Rebel."

Thirty-Six Years Ago Rossa Felt, and Expressed, the Same Sentiments That Animate Him Today.

[*Dundalk Democrat, Aug. 18.*]

In his lecture at the Town Hall, Dundalk, last week, O'Donovan Rossa referred to the fact that the first speech he ever delivered—at a commemoration of the anniversary of the Phœnix National Society, Skibbereen, in the beginning of 1858—was sent by him to the *Democrat* and published by this journal. On turning to the file of 1858 we find the report of the speech among others delivered on the same occasion, and it is both interesting and instructive at the present time. We reproduce it here:

PHŒNIX NATIONAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY OF SKIBBEREEN.

On the 2d inst. the members of this society celebrated the first anniversary of its formation by dining together. Mr. D. McCarthy presided. When ample justice had been dode to the good things provided by Mrs. Downing, the following toasts were drunk with enthusiasm, and responded to:

"Our Country"—Mr. Jeremiah O'Donovan (Rossa) in response to this toast, spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—At your call I reluctantly rise, for I am badly prepared and ill qualified to speak to the toast of "Our Country"; but should that country ever have a call on the services of her sons during my existence, I trust I will be found more willing to rise and better prepared to act than I am now to speak for it. Too much talk and too little action have been the characteristics of Irish patriotism during a large portion of the last half century; and as men are supposed to learn from experience, it is believed that less of the former and a corresponding increase of the latter will, in the future, serve our country's cause best, and our enemy's cause less. [illegible] or [illegible] this view of matters when they wrote down this land to be toasted as "*our* country," when it is an established fact that *we* have no country. We are the most cosmopolitan race in the whole universe; but Irishmen *should* have a country; they have a right to the country of their birth by the use and aid of one steel—the pen. Our committee have taken possession of that right, and as their title one day may be disputed I trust they will be able and willing to prove it by the aid of another steel—the sword (loud cheers.)

I have heard an anecdote, which I will repeat to you, concerning Dr. Croke, of Mallow. When a young man, he was travelling through France, and in a village there he had his seat taken on a diligence; but having forgotten something at the time, he went for it, and on his return found his place occupied by another. In consideration of the loss of his seat he received some impertinence, which he resented; a dispute arose; the disputants appealed to the authorities, and their names were taken down to appear before a tribunal of justice next morning. He gave his name as thomas Thomas Croke, of Ireland; but for reasons that you can all painfully understand, he was called next morning as Thomas Croke, Englishman! Feeling the indignity to his country, he never answered till pointed out by one of the officials, and when he stated he was Thomas Croke, Irishman, and not Thomas Croke, Englishman, he was only sneeringly laughed at for presuming that he had a country. Thus was this Irishman reminded of the loss of his country; he had no country; we Irishmen are slaves and outcasts in the land of our birth. What a shame! What a disgrace! Yes; disgraceful alike to peer and peasant—Protestant, Catholic and Presbyterian.

Thus may foreign nations believe this country is not ours, and I am sure you will not be surprised that England is particularly positive on this point. She has made all possible efforts to convince us of it. She has broken the heads of many Irishmen trying to hammer this opinion into them. For seven long and dreary centuries has she been trying to force it on us; and against her during all this time have the majority of Irishmen protested. Yet has she disregarded every protestation, every claim, and every petition, and instead of treating us as human beings, or subjects, she has made every effort that pen, fire and sword could make to extirpate our race. She has stained almost every hearthstone in the land with the heart's blood of a victim; and the other day, in savage exultation at the idea of her work being accomplished, she cried out, "The Irish race are gone, and gone with a vengeance" (groans). But the mercenary Thunderer lies. I read it in your countenances. The Irish are not gone; but part of them are gone, and in whatever clime their pulses beat tonight "vengeance" is inscribed on their hearts, impregnate their blood, and may yet operate against that oppressor who, by his exterminating and extirpating laws deprived them of a means of living in the land of their fathers (hear, hear, and cheers). I don't now particularly confine myself to the last ten or twelve years—if I go back centuries the same language will apply to England. In the seventeenth century she issued the following instructions to Lord Ormond, and as the Eastern Monarch said, I now say, "hear and tremble": "That his lordship do endeavor, with his majesty's forces, to wound, kill, slay, or destroy, by all the ways and means he may, all the said rebels, their adherents, and relievers, and burn, waste, spoil, consume, destroy, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses, where the said rebels are or have been relieved or harbored, and all the hay and corn there, and kill or destroy all the men inhabiting there capable of bearing arms."

When I reflect on this and the other innumerable instruments made and provided for the destruction of the Irish, I begin to doubt my identity as of Milesian descent. Many of you possess similar doubts or feelings, for assuredly our ancestors were none of the favored class, and nothing but the miraculous intervention of Providence could have preserved our race from utter extinction. Again, hear what the following historians say: Carte writes that "The lords justices set their hearts on the extermination not only of the mere Irish, but also of the old English families who were Catholics." Dr. Leland says "The favorite object of the Irish governors and the English parliament was the utter extermination of all the Catholics of Ireland." Clarendon writes that "They have sworn to extirpate the whole Irish nation;" and the Rev. Dr. Warner says that "It is evident that the lords justices hoped for an extirpation not of the mere Irish only, but of all the old English families who were Catholics." I give you these extracts without washing to be sectarian. The old Irish Catholics were fighting for their nationality, and if the old Irish Protestants were to fight for the same tomorrow, it is proved that the tyrant would treat them similarly, if she had the power.

When will Irishmen cease from doing the work of the enemy? When will they ponder on their present degraded position? When will the sunshine of unity dispel the clouds of dissension and distrust that hover over their understanding and make them blind to the interests of their common country? If it be advantageous for Irishmen to make their own laws, to govern their own country—if they are qualified to do so—why allow another people to think and act for them? Why not Irishmen prefer the interest of their own to that of another country? Can I attribute the motives to love or fear? Are we so pleased with the fostering care and protective kindness of our masters, that we do not [illegible] the power of England, that cowardice alone prevents us from properly claiming and obtaining the rights of freemen? The time is gone when England could create fear; under present circumstances she has still the power over Ireland in consequence of all her internal elements of discord, disunion and disorganization, but not over any united or other enlightened people. Russia has proved this. America and Naples insult and defy her, and India grasps her by the throat and cries "robber, stand and deliver your booty" (prolonged cheers). In her humility she is truly a most gullible creature. She now calls for our sympathy and aid. I don't for a moment deny the Saxon interest is strong among us; yet who will wonder at it? And who will be surprised if lord mayors and town scoundrels, official invaders and castle traders, lunatic, militia, stipendiary, detective, expectants and all other innumerable officers and satellites of vicious and vice-royalty, should forward an address of commiseration and condolence, accompanied with a few *lacs* for the comfort and relief of their taskmasters (cries of "they want it").

The poor struggling tenant at will will pay for all; he can starve his family a few pounds more, and he can fatten the master's pigs proportionately, and then when he can't do any more he will get Indian tenant-right, what he richly deserves when he fails to take the proper steps to right himself. If every farmer in the country had a proper supply of agricultural implements, one of which is a pitchfork, and if all combined then and petitioned parliament, stating they were determined to improve their holdings and positions, and praying to the house to consider their situation, it is my firm conviction they would not be long without tenant-right, and the remnant of our race would not be forced into exile. England has never given us anything through a love *for us* or a love of justice. She has ever spurned our petitions when they were not backed by the sword or a firm determination, and whenever Irishmen demanded an instalment of their rights by the pen alone, they were only mocked and laughed at, and sometimes favored with additional fetters. Wellington and Peel granted emancipation through fear, they admitted it was not safe to refuse it longer; and Grattan would never have repealed the Sixth of George the 1st, passed in 1720, to confirm "and better secure the dependance of Ireland," only that the English government knew that

"Swords to back his words
Were ready, did he need them."

But that treaty of '82 was broken as perfidiously as was the treaty of Limerick, and every other treaty or compact that was ever made between the two peoples. As a prelude, Ireland was incited by the enemy to premature rebellion; and as Archbishop Hughes, of New York, said when delivering a lecture on Irish starvation in '46: "Martial law for the people—a bayonet or a gibbet for the patriot who loved Ireland—a bribe for the traitor who did not—led to that act called the Union, in which the charter of Irish nationality was destroyed—I trust not for ever." Irishmen have since experienced the happiness of being an integral portion of the *disunited kingdom;* they have been relieved from the cares and troubles of native manufactories and internal bustle, and they are now such an important people as to be saddled with an "integral" portion of a thousand million pounds, as a national debt. If we were able to pay this debt for England, Ireland may have some chance of becoming a separate portion of this kingdom; but whoever would seriously endeavor to make her so without any stipulation, may experience the blessings of the "Glorious British Constitution," through the agency of the halter, the dungeon, the convict ship, the gibbet, or the jail.

When I speak of these instruments of our tyrants, thoughts of blood and fiendish deeds connected with '98 and the succeeding years visit my memory. The two Thomas street murders, within a few years and a few yards of each other, forcibly and brilliantly reveal to us the chains of that constitution, and particularly that circumstance connected with the murder of Lord Edward, where the bloodhounds pursued his spirit to the other world, and after the Universal Judge in Heaven had passed sentence on him either as a traitor or a martyr, they retried him, and by a packed jury, robbed and plundered his widow and orphan children. Excuse me, Mr. Chairman and Irishmen, for trespassing so far on the property of my successor, who is to speak to the men of '98. I have digressed much from my subject, but it is more a fault of the heart than of the mind. A few other remarks and I will have ceased from tiring you further. You will understand that I am not one of those individuals who believe in the regeneration of my country through the agency of a Viceroy or a vice-*reine*, through the propagation of high blood cattle, and the cultivation for their support, of mangel worzel and yellow bullock, the latter may be very well in their proper time and place, but I would reverse the order of things and the comforts of human creation would be with me a primary consideration to the comforts of the brute species, or as my friend and neighbor, Michael Burke, says, I would rather see "stamina" in the man than in the animal (laughter). To effect this the existing relations of Irishmen and Englishmen should undergo a change and now should be the time for the Irish nation to agitate for this change and strive to obtain it by every proper means so as to prevent a recurrence of the National disasters of '46 and '47, when England allowed thousands of our people to starve, and blasphemously charged God Almighty with the crime, while the routine of his misgovernment compelled the cereal produce of the country to be exported. A curse upon foreign legislation.

A domestic government, no matter how constituted, would never have allowed it, even this terrible evil might have been averted, had the leaders in '43 profited by the past history of their country; they ought to have known that [illegible] moral force, when not backed by physical force, and had the Repealers followed the example of the '82 men, and had they presented their petitions with pikes and swords instead of magic wands and brass buttons, the issue would have been different with them, and instead of injuring the cause of their country, they would occupy as prominent and proud a place in her future history as Grattan and his compatriots. To obtain a name and position for our country, we will need such an organization as that of '82—nay, such a one as '43 if you will, and the restoration of our plundered rights. Had Irishmen, or *any one* class of Irishmen, been united, bided their time, and embraced their opportunity, the future would be ours—no matter though there be many difficulties before men who seek to establish a name and position for their country among the nations of the earth. But let me say that, as Irishmen, here tonight—we have no foe—no enemy among any class or creed of our countrymen; politically speaking, the man who looks upon us, and men of our political profession, as his enemy, is our enemy. He *must* be a man, who would have his country for ever under the yoke of the foreigner; or, he *must* be a man, who has profited by the plunder, or who is supported by the plunderer. I now conclude, thanking you for the honor you have done me, and the kindness you have shown me, assuring you wherever I am cast by fortune, it shall ever be my pride to stand, as I stand now here tonight, among men who are prepared to assist in any, and every agitation or undertaking, to obtain their rights, or an instalment of their rights, and which may ultimately result in qualifying their countrymen to write the epitaph of Robert Emmet.

The speaker resumed his seat amid prolonged cheering.

The Fondest Hour Memory Recalls.

The question naturally suggests itself, Which is "the fondest hour memory recalls?" Has the reader, whose attention we hope to engage, ever had a controversy with his stomach on the subject of dyspepsia. After convincing proofs that the digestive organ has got the upper hand, has a wise resort been made to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? If so, the "fondest hour" has been recalled by memory in the shape of a lasting resumption of the power to digest, assimilate thoroughly and eat heartily without fear of being uncomfortable afterward. When the dinner bell, that "tocsin of the soul," strikes agreeably upon the ear, the auditor then greets it as a welcome sound and hastens to obey its summons. The Bitters, so renowned as a stomachic, overcome, too, malarial, bilious and kidney trouble, and remedy nervousness, rheumatism and sick headache.

Three Home Seekers' Excursions

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half-rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on Sept. 11 and 25, and Oct. 9, 1894. For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address G. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of the Eminent Irish Writers of the Present Day.

William Larminie, Well Known as a Writer on the Subjects of Irish Literature, History and Antiquities.

PART V.

The divergement of the members of the Irish Literary Society into different fields is one of the features which will secure success to that organization. Each sallies forth on his voyage of discovery and returns to the rendezvous laden with literary gems culled from the treasuries of folk-lore, archæology, history and fiction. All bring something of general interest and each one works with the enthusiasm of a specialist securing the most perfect and exhaustive account of his subject. Thus an intense interest is kept up in watching new developments in every field, the work of the different members never clashes and the literary mines of Ireland are being worked as they were never worked before. We have more poets and songsters of more than ordinary merit than ever were known in the history of Irish literature at any one period, not even that of *Young Ireland*; the ancient manuscripts are being brought to light and the bardic romances already form the plots of some of the finest tales in prose and poetry that have been written in recent years. "The Voyage of the Maeldune," by Lord Tennyson, was the result of an interview between the poet laureate and Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who drew his attention to the legend, and is an excellent instance of what may be done with success in this direction. There are splendid foundations for similar works in the tales of Diarmuid and Grainne, Oisin in the Land of Youth, the many tales in the Fenian cycle of legends and in hundreds of others which would form delightful subjects for short poems in English. They might be treated with great freedom; recreated in a brilliant modern form fashioned in [illegible] tales are wonderfully rich in incident; the exaggerated pictures of battle and deeds of heroism, the introduction of the supernatural into scenes of history, all would have to be retained and represented in the English verse. However, it can and has been done. The Irish writers who, realizing the extraordinary subtlety and variety of the Irish meters, and there are no others on earth so intricate, have gone outside the beaten track in English metres and invented others more in harmony with their subjects have done the best.

Mr. William Larminie of the Irish Literary Society is one of the writers who have seen that to place the Irish legends in well known English metres like that used by Sir Walter Scott in "The Minstrel" or in blank verse—that specially English strain—is to infuse a foreign flavor in the tales, to emasculate its characteristics and rob them of their Celtic ring. His first volume, "Glanlua and Other Poems," published in 1889, was a series of Irish tales told in the ordinary verse, and although of a high order of merit, never pleased the author. He took the Fenian legend of The Enchantment of Cuchullin for his subject and inventing a metre, similar to Gaelic poetry, and adopting assonance, another characteristic of Gaelic versification, wrote the poem of "Fand," and succeeded admirably in retaining the characteristics of the old legend with all its Celtic swing and flavor, and really enhanced the interest of the tale by the manner in which he tells it.

The legend of Fand or Enchantment of Cuchullin is one of the oldest of the Gaelic tales, and it may not be amiss to give an outline of it here. Cuchullin, one of the greatest of Ireland's mythical heroes, was riding in his chariot on the banks of a large lake near his palace on the plains of Louth, when he beheld two beautiful swans yoked to each other by a golden chain. He commanded his charioteer to assail them with sling and spear, but the swans could not be struck. Cuchullin sitting down on the ground fell into a druidic sleep and while under its influence two women approached him and chastised him with switches till they almost killed him. When Cuchullin awoke from the sleep he found all his immense strength gone and lay in bed as weak as a child for full twelve months. At the end of that period, as he was laying on his bed, attended by some of his famous warriors, a stranger appeared to them and bade him go to the same rock where he was struck and there he would again receive his strength. On arriving at that place he was accosted by one of the women who had scourged him and she explained that it was all done in love and kindness; that the fairy Princess Fand had become enamored of him and wished him to come to the fairy isle where she reigned. This fairy had been deserted by the fairy Prince Manahan Mac Lir, who had become angered at his fair spouse.

Fand's two emissaries brought the chieftain to the island where the princess was awaiting him and there he lived, forgetful of his chaste and loving wife, the fair Emer. However, this last named lady did not take quietly to her bereavement. On learning that her husband and the fairy princess were having a good time over their winecups in bowers of roses and a land of perpetual summer, she summoned fifty Ulster amazons and arming them with daggers set out to bring her recreant spouse home. She purposed to slay Fand or send her away without Cuchullin. When she reached the fairy island she appealed to the better feelings of Fand and, strange to say, so wrought on her that she at once renounced the faithless Cuchullin and was recompensed for the act by her fairy husband—the sea-god Manahan coming in a resplendent chariot and bearing her away.

Cuchullin was furious at his loss of Fand and upbraided his wife for bringing him away from such a happy lot. The druids of Conor's court laid hold of him and after a struggle, in which he endeavored to slay a couple of them, they finally, by strengthening their spells, managed to grasp his arms and legs and rendered him powerless. He begged for a drink and they presented him with the goblet of oblivion. When he took it from his lips he had lost all recollection of Fand and her glorious charms. Emer then put the goblet to her lips and forgot all about Cuchullin's falsehood.

Mr. Larminie has treated the story in an exceedingly poetical manner. He has changed the legend a little, as it is known from the O'Curry translation, but so little that it is altered in no important degree. He represents Fand, the wife of Cuchullin, as the story teller. The description of the swans' appearance is very delicate and beautiful.

Midsummer's fairest day was near its end,
The hot land panting for the cool of night,
When from the doon Cuchullin wandered forth
And I beside him, toward the evening star.
We came to the lake's brink and lingering stood
Watching the marvel of the sunset sky;
Field beyond field of radiance delicate
High in the upper Heaven and nearer earth
The jeweled dust from the sun's chariot wheels
O'er him an arch of triumph; suddenly
It seemed that, from the glow, two brightest clouds
Took swiftest motion towards us, as they came
Into the glooming east, where the sun's day
Was failing, scattering dazzling day renewed:
But nearer seen they were not clouds but birds,
That slowly sinking earthward on the lake
Alighted, sending through the quivering wave
Pulses of golden joy.

Here the story-teller digresses from the ancient legend; he has Cuchullin take a boat and at once pursue the swans and thus fall into the hands of Fand, who keeps him in her fairy isle. In this version of the legend Emer starts out alone to seek her spouse and finds him asleep in the bower of Fand. She pleads with him to return and in the midst of her entreaties the fairy enters the bower. The ensuing scene between Fand, Emer and Cuchullin is a beautiful piece of dramatic work. The deserted wife struggling to overcome the fascinations of the enchantress and the arguments of the latter are most vividly pictured and the language is elegant. One of Fand's entreaties—

Come to me, come Cuchullin,
Open wide have I flung to thee
The gates of the golden land, whose air giveth life that dies not;
Feelest thou not upon thy cheek the breezes
Fanning thy flame of mortal to divine?
Feelest thou not that its bliss floweth round thee, soft as the waters
Into thy soul's mid core to the likeness of gods transforming?
Surely into thy being already so deeply the glow divine hath entered
Never couldst thou endure the dull, sad world again;
The cold dark world of men and death;
Turn from it once and forever,
And choose thou immortality and Fand—

it is quite enough to excuse Cuchullin for his weakness, for tradition whispered that the Fenian knights were notable in their taste for delicate bits of feminine bric-a-brac, and many of the exploits of Fionn and other famous champions began over a contest for the hand of some fair dame. Were we to take the power of woman's charms from the old Gaelic legends we would despoil the Ossianic poems and the tales of Irish chivalry of at least three-fourth of their most interesting legends. In spite of Fand's entreaties, however, Cuchullin listens to the voice of his wife and turns to her. The Ulster Amazons rush in and are about to seize Fand.

She moved not: if they had laid hands on her,
Too dreadful were the deed that had been done.
But, from the woods or from the cleaved earth—
I know not whence, suddenly stood between them,
A shape majestic, radiant, beautiful,—
A man, yet more than man, with shining eyes;
He was superb as is a summer surge,
Rolling to shorewards on such reefs as lie
Beneath the cliffs of Irros or Malinmore;
Dazzling it rolleth from the sapphire deeps,
Curling to emerald and snow; he towered o'er us:
The women were washed back and from the lips
Of Fand came faintly the revealing name,
"Mananaun!" It was the sea-god and her spouse.
"Alas!" she cried, "how poor a sight for thee!
How pitiable the state of me thy wife,
Rejected by a mortal."

"Be consoled,"
Gravely he answered: "I have wronged thee much;
Yet will I now atone and give thee peace;
Depart! and I will shake my cloak between you,
And then thou wilt remember him no more."
Silent and shamed she went; he from his shoulders
Took off the cloak, wonderful, crystalline,
Green as the vivid sea, broidered with foam,
And flaked with mother-of-pearl; he shook it thrice,
And from the folds burst forth a storm of sound,
Of murmurous music, as of all the waves
On all the shores of Eire: when it ceased,
Unto Cuchullin pointing, thus he spake;
"She will forget thee, thou shalt not forget;"—
Turned and was gone. Like unto shipwrecked folk,
Stunned, drenched and scarce escaped with life were we.

Fand having been carried off by the sea-god, there is nothing more to tempt Cuchullin and he goes home with Emer, and continues to dream of Fand, until the goblet of oblivion is given to him by the bards. Emer, apparently, has not partaken of the waters up to the time when she relates the story to the bard or she could not have remembered it. Notwithstanding that Mr. Larminie has changed the legend there is just as much fascination about it as though he had retained all the particulars of the original; in fact he has made it a little more graceful, and while the older version would be attractive enough in prose, it is a question whether it would not be overburdened and clumsy in poetry. In the same volume with Fand are a number of other poems, one of which is a similar relation of an Irish legend; *Moytura*, a tale of the Tuatha De Danaan and the Fomhoria; two ancient and mythical tribes that inhabited Ireland in the shadowy past. They practiced magic and druidic enchantments, and some of them inhabited the interiors of the hills or lived beneath the waters of the lakes. *Moytura* is a much longer poem than Fand and of as high a degree of excellence.

Mr. William Larminie was born in the county Mayo, and graduated with honors at Trinity College, Dublin. He lived for some years in London and filled a clerkship in the India office, which he resigned on account of failing health, in 1887, and retired to Ireland, where he has since devoted his time to the collection of Irish folk-lore, the study of Irish literature, history and antiquities and the pursuit of literature in general. He is known as a scholarly writer on these subjects, and was recently elected secretary of the Dublin Irish Literary Society, before which body he lately read a paper on the life and works of Johannes Erigena, a celebrated Irish philosopher of the ninth century, who was said to have been murdered by his own pupils in England. Scotus was considered as a martyr, and his anniversary was kept. His canonization was only local, and so his name was not allowed to remain permanently on the calendar, being expunged in 1580. In professed histories of philosophy full justice was not done to his works. The best account of him in a short space is to be found in Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy," which appeared in 1872. In Ireland, except the very meagre account in Moore's "History of Ireland," nothing has been written about him at all. It is a matter of difficulty to give an account of Erigena's philosophy. He was said to be the bridge by which the Platonic influence passed over western Europe. He, for the first time, united theology with philosophy; he was the creator of dialectics; the asserter of the rights of reason against authority. Scotus had the distinct position of a man of letters, which could not be said of all philosophers. His poetry was marked by a poetry of idea which had a correspondence of sound in the melodious roll of the long Latin sentences. Mr. Larminie's "West Irish Folk-tales" which were issued last year are some of the most important contributions to Irish literature that have been made in many years. They have been reviewed in the leading papers on both sides of the Atlantic and have been accorded the highest praise. He has preserved all the characteristics of the original Gaelic tales and yet they are placed before the public in a most readable form. He is now at work on the life of Scotus Erigenas, and as he has made a very exhaustive research for materials bearing on that philosopher and a work of rare interest to Irish historical students may be expected.

M. J. MURPHY.

It Suits to a "T."

This expression comes from the T-square or T-rule, an instrument used by mechanics and draughtsmen in making angles true. The expression is an old one, going back further than Boswell's time and is singularly appropriate to the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, which certainly suits everyone to a T. That is why it has been given the title of the Duluth Short Line, because it is the short line and the popular route for all classes of travel between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points. It is also the route for those who desire to visit the celebrated Rainy Lake gold fields, which have caused such a sensation. Everybody takes the Duluth Short Line because it is convenient, speedy, comfortable. Apply for information to ticket agents or to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Cheap Excursions.

On Sept. 11 and 25 and Oct. 9, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana at exceedingly low rates for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale and will allow stop-over privileges on going trip in territory to which tickets are sold. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry.

LIGHT VOTE WAS CAST.

APATHY IN MAINE AND LOSS ON DEMOCRATIC VOTE

Gives the Republicans the Heaviest Majority on Record, Estimated at 37,000—Illinois Women Getting Ready to Vote—Breckinridge and Judge Morton.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 11.—To rain and general apathy is due a very light vote at the state election. Though the Democrats admit defeat they do not show a symptom of discouragement. The Prohibitionists and Populists are not largely in evidence, so far as returns indicate. A heavy rain put a quietus upon the telegraph and telephone wires early in the evening, but returns have been received by the Associated Press from over 100 cities and towns, and these indicate that the state has re-elected Governor Cleaves (Rep.), over Charles F. Johnson (Dem.) by a majority which will exceed 37,000.

Carried Every County in the States.

This is the largest in the history of the party. The Republicans have carried every county in the state and it is estimated that the legislature will have a working Republican majority of 125, which insures the re-election of Senator William F. Frye. Thomas B. Reed has been re-elected to congress by a plurality estimated at 10,000. Nelson Dingley, Seth H. Milligan, and H. Boutelle are also re-elected to congress by majorities ranging from 6,000 to 9,000. The total vote will probably not exceed 110,000.

Manley Makes an Estimate.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 11.—Hon. J. H. Manley, chairman of the Republican state committee, sent a message to Henry B. Cleaves at Portland, in which he claimed that the state had gone Republican by a majority exceeding 37,000 as far as the election for governor was concerned. In 1856 Hanibal Martin had 25,000 majority, Samuel Corry in 1865 had 26,700 and General Chamberlain had 27,000 in 1866, the only times in the history of the state that the majority has exceeded 20,000 for the Republican party.

Chairman Manley telegraphed Senator Frye as follows: "Kennebec gives 3,500 majority and elects a solid delegation. Cleaves will have 37,000 majority over Johnson. We have carried every county. I congratulate you sincerely. You have the largest legislative vote ever given a senator, a well earned and deserved compliment."

One of the Early Estimates.

RUTLAND, Vt., Sept. 11.—Returns from all towns in the state received by the town clerk here show the Republican majority to be 27,310 and the plurality 28,356. Official returns will change these figures very little. The following is the analysis: Republican vote—1894, 42,736; 1892, 33,462. Democratic vote—1894, 14,360; 1890, 19,313. Republican gain, 9,274. Democratic loss, 4,973. The senate is a Republican unit and the house stands as follows: Republicans, 233; Democrats, 9; Populist, 1. Three towns made no choice.

PECK RENOMINATED

Named for Governor by the Republicans of Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 7.—The Republican state convention was held in the Stadt theatre, and like the Republican convention was notable for the large number of young men who were delegates. The hall was severely simple in its decorations. When at 12 o'clock Chairman E. C. Wall stepped to the front of the platform and called the delegates to order, cheers that shook the building greeted his nomination of Senator William F. Vilas for temporary chairman. For temporary secretaries T. L. Clary, of Grant county; F. E. Worden, of Winnebago county, and J. B. Grueger, of Dunn county, were named. The nominations were approved and Senator Vilas stepped forward and waited for a second outburst of applause to subside before he began his address to the convention.

Summary of Vilas' Speech.

The senator referred to the business depression and charged it to Republican legislation before Cleveland was inaugurated, treating this branch of the political contestation at length and going over the history of administrations from 1884 to the present. He then spoke at some length against the McKinley law and the Sherman silver purchasing law, giving the reasons for the repeals of both measures. In regard to the Wilson bill he claimed that it was a measure of great value to the country, although not all that it should have been made, owing to the successful opposition of the trusts. In conclusion he urged the convention to present candidates for the popular choice who would honor it by faithful discharge of duty.

The customary committees on credentials, organization, and resolutions were then appointed and a recess to 4 p. m. was taken. Upon reassembling the credentials and organization committees reported, and their reports were adopted without friction, and then balloting was begun for governor, two votes being taken without result. A recess to evening was taken, and on the first ballot after reassembling George W. Peck captured the prize, receiving 186 votes to 119 for John Winans and 55 for John Hunner. The ticket was completed as follows: Lieutenant governor, H. J. Schmitze, of Manitowoc; secretary of state, treasurer, and attorney general, the present incumbents; state superintendent, William H. Schutz; railway commissioner, George C. Prescott.

Substance of the Platform.

The platform adopted reaffirms the principles of the Democratic national platform of 1892; attributes financial distress to Republican class legislation; says the new tariff law affords substantial relief, "and is a broad stride in the direction of accomplishing the results that the Democratic party has so long contended for." The money plank insists that all dollars shall be of equal intrinsic and interchangeable value, and the American Protective association is denounced. It is declared that labor has as good right to organization and protection as capital and some equitable means of adjusting labor disputes is demanded, as is the prohibition of "truck" stores. The income tax is approved, and the state administration indorsed as well as the national.

BRECKINRIDGE AND MORTON.

The Colonel Intimates That the Pot Sometimes Calls the Kettle Black.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 11.—Colonel Breckinridge is out in a bitter interview charging Judge Jere Morton with cowardice and duplicity. Breckinridge and Morton were comrades in the Confederate army, practiced law together, and pulled together for years in politics as well as being neighbors. Previous to the Pollard suit Colonel Breckinridge charges that Judge Morton was not pleased because he could not name certain appointments, and when Madeline was prosecuting the congressman it is charged in the interview that Judge Morton deserted his old friend.

In his recent speech at Athens Colonel Breckinridge scored Judge Morton very severely. Judge Morton replied at a public meeting in Lexington called for that purpose, and his arraignment of Breckinridge was intensely severe. Colonel Breckinridge's rejoinder is in the form of an interview that appears in the Lexington Transcript. It reviews the life time association between the two men, how Morton acted when the Pollard trouble came out on the colonel and since the present congressional contest has been waging.

While the relations between the men are so strained as to cause references to the code from others, Colonel Breckinridge closes by saying that they have always lived together at Lexington and must live together at that place hereafter. He says: "All the secrets of my life have been made public. None of the secrets of his life have been published. He knows full well what they are. I leave them to his conscience and his knowledge without the slightest desire to wound him or those who love him."

Nominations of Nevada Populists.

RENO, Sept. 8.—The Populist convention adopted a platform which declares allegiance to the national People's party; indorses the Omaha platform of 1892, and demands the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16-to-1. The following nominations were made: Congress, James Doughty, of Elko; governor, George Peckham, of Washoe; attorney general, C. F. Sawyer, of Lincoln; controller, Charles Steele, of Storey; treasurer, M. H. Dungan, of Douglass.

Kentucky Turfmen Against Breckinridge.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 8.—A movement has been organized among the Kentucky turfmen at Latonia to go against Breckinridge for all they are worth. On the night of Sept. 14 a special train will leave the Latonia race track to take the Owens men to their homes to vote against Breckinridge. It is said that they have promised $25,000 to the campaign fund to beat Breckinridge should he get the nomination.

Weadock Declines to Run.

BAY CITY, Mich., Sept. 11.—Representative Weadock has addressed an open letter to Joseph Turner, chairman of the Democratic congressional committee, declining to become a candidate for renomination. His reasons are that he prefers to devote himself to his law practice and that he does not wish to enter another campaign which he says is to be fought upon religious lines.

Nominated to Congress.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Sept. 8.—Andrew J. Barr of Bloomington was nominated for congress by the Democratic convention of the Thirteenth district at Urbana. There was no opposition.

CORN MAKES A BAD SHOWING.

A Large Percentage Cut Up or Abandoned—Wheat Better Than Last Year.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—The report of the statistician of the department of agriculture for the month of September shows a decline in the condition of corn to 63.4 from 69.1 in the month of August and 90 in the month of July. This is a decline of 5.7 points from the August and 31.6 from the July condition. The change is marked in nearly all of the great corn states. The present condition is 75 in Kentucky, 70 in Ohio, 55 in Michigan, 80 in Indiana, 78 in Illinois, 51 in Wisconsin, 60 in Minnesota, 40 in Iowa, 50 in Missouri, 45 in Kansas, 15 in Nebraska, and 16 in South Dakota. In most of the southern states the condition has risen and a good crop is certain.

In addition to the unfavorable prospects arising from the low condition of the growing crop reports from eight states—Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota—show that out of an aggregate of 40,873,984 acres planted in these states, there have been cut up for fodder or abandoned 15,506,000 acres, or nearly 38 per cent., which is a little over 20 per cent. of the entire area planted in the country. The percentage of that cut up or abandoned by states reporting is as follows: Indiana, 06; Illinois, 10; Wisconsin, 21; Iowa, 35; Missouri, 16; Kansas, 51; Nebraska, 81; South Dakota, 81.

The condition of wheat, considering both winter and spring varieties when harvested, was 83.7, against 74.0 last year and 85.3 in 1892. The reported conditions from the correspondents for the principal wheat growing states are as follows: Ohio, 102; Michigan, 91; Indiana, 103; Illinois, 101; Wisconsin, 92; Minnesota, 85; Iowa, 92; Missouri, 91; Kansas, 58; Nebraska, 40; South Dakota, 32; North Dakota, 74; California, 88; Oregon, 83; Washington, 67. In the east: New York, 96; Pennsylvania, 91; Maryland, 98; Virginia (reports), 78; Tennessee, 78; West Virginia, 93; Kentucky, 92; Texas, 92. In the principal wheat states there has been considerable improvement in conditions. In July report in parts of the wheat region the crop is fully up to expectation, and in other parts the yield has exceeded expectation.

The average condition of oats is reported at 77.8 against 78.5 Aug. 1. The returns for rye show an average condition of 88.9 against 93 a year ago. The condition of barley has risen nearly two points during the month, the September average standing at 71.5 against 69.6 in August. The area under clover seed is reported at 71.9 per cent of that for 1893. The condition is given at 69.2, which is much below the average, thus indicating a very short crop. The condition of tobacco is 174.5 against 75.9 last month.

Fatal Wreck on the Northwestern.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—The St. Paul vestibuled limited on the Chicago & Northwestern road was wrecked last night near Barrington by collision with a freight car which had been blown partially from the siding by a severe storm. The engineer and fireman jumped. The latter, J. McMahon, was killed, and the engineer slightly injured. Mail Clerk A. J. Boudreau and Baggageman Thomas Green were badly hurt. A Mr. Bliss, of Boston, had his left leg broken, and Miss Rachel Jeffries was seriously hurt. A number of other passengers were painfully cut and bruised, but not seriously hurt.

Perpetuating a Murderous Menace.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 8.—A commission of physicians had declared that George Duckovitz, whose execution had been fixed for Sept. 18, is insane, and that he was insane when he killed Andreas Dubroskovicz. Dubroskovicz had Duckovitz sent to an insane asylum. When Duckovitz was discharged as sane he hunted up Dubroskovicz and killed him.

ALL TOWNS SAFE FOR THE PRESENT.

Wind Goes Down at Mora—Hinckley All Right—More Bodies Found.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 10.—A gale of wind was blowing in the neighborhood of Mora and Milaca, and the smouldering forest fires were quickly fanned into a furious blaze which for a time threatened Mora and Ground House, the latter place being particularly in danger. The wind, however, has since gone down and for the present, at least, the danger is believed to be over. During the afternoon the fires were raging on all sides of Ground House, except to the south, having come within half a mile of the town.

A Telegram Direct from Hinckley.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 10.—A Hinckley, Minn., special to The Pioneer Press says: The searchers after the bodies of the victims of the great forest fires rested yesterday, and resumed their work this morning. Coroner Cowan went to Sandstone where he buried eighty bodies. Five bodies were found Saturday night in a cellar on a hill just north of the Kettle river and were buried where found. It is believed here that the death list in Pine county will exceed 500, as something like 100 are still unaccounted for according to Coroner Cowan's official statement.

Fire Was All Around Him.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 10.—A Duluth special to the Tribune says that the operator at Mahtowa reported fire all around him and choking smoke. At Sturgeon Lake and Moose Lake fires also caused uneasiness to residents there, but no positive reports of disaster have been received. At Rush City the residents became so frightened that they boarded a freight train standing on the tracks, so as to be ready for departure, but the danger passed when the wind subsided.

The Fires Are Not Dangerous.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 11.—A Duluth special to The Dispatch says: There are no serious fires on any railroad lines near here except the Northern Pacific. The fires around Barnum were chiefly in the brush and were not dangerous.

Hinckley To Be Rebuilt.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 11.—A Hinckley, Minn., special to The Tribune says: The citizens of Hinckley last evening formed a building association and will proceed to rebuild the town which the fire wiped out.

AN ARCTIC PARTY GETS BACK.

Cook's Explorers Lose a Vessel, but No Life Is Sacrificed.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The Miranda, bearing Dr. Cook's arctic party, left New York on the afternoon of Saturday, July 7. Her passengers numbered fifty in all. Most of them were scientists and sportsmen, but there were several who went for the benefit simply of the voyage and the pure northern air. The party was confined solely to men. The Miranda was chartered for two months and a half. The plans were, after stops at points in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, to cruise around Newfoundland and cross Davis' strait to the west coast of Greenland, where some of the scientists of the party could disembark and make explorations.

The party has just reached North Sydney, Cape Breton Isle, minus the Miranda, which ran on a rock and later sank. No one was lost, but the Miranda not being available some of the party traveled 190 north of Sukkertoppen, Greenland, where there were some American vessels fishing. They obtained one of these, the Rigel, and on her safely made their way back to civilization and warm weather. The journey homeward was without incident other than adverse winds, the inconvenience of close quarters and insufficient provisions, only ten days' supplies for forty men having been placed on the Rigel and the addition of the Miranda's crew making ninety-one persons on board this little craft of 107 tons.

AGAINST THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

Meeting at New York Addressed by Gompers and John Swinton.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—A mass meeting of strikers was held in Cooper Union. It was a demonstration made by garment makers and operators in the clothing trades against the "sweating" system. The hall was crowded and a determination was expressed not to return to work until the system was abolished. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, denounced the sweating system as "damnable and accursed." John Swinton denounced President Cleveland as "Hangman Jack Ketch, of the White House."

Resolutions were passed expressing the determination of the strikers to continue the struggle until they secured their objects. The clothing contractors met last night and decided to form an association. They say they cannot afford to give the wages required by the strikers.

THE WELCOME RAIN AT LAST.

It Falls in the Fire Region and Arrests the Devastation.

CUMBERLAND, Wis., Sept. 8.—The first rain for many weeks fell here yesterday, arresting the progress of the forest fires and relieving present apprehensions.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 8.—Reports from Plainfield, Green Lake, Necedah, Green Bay, Hurley, Junction City, Grand Rapids and other cities indicate that the heavy rainfall has broken the drought and effectually quenched forest fires.

ESCANABA, Mich., Sept. 8.—The forest fires that have been raging for some time in this section have been extinguished by a steady down-pour of rain. Rain is reported falling all over the peninsula.

BAY CITY, Mich., Sept. 8.—A heavy storm, wind and rain accompanied by thunder and lightning, visited this section last night, extinguishing all the forest fires.

THE DEATH RECORD.

General GEORGE STONEMAN, ex-governor of California, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. JAMES C. WELLING, president of the Columbian university, at Hartford, Conn.

SAMUEL H. TAGGERT, prominent Knight Templar and Mason, at Peoria, Ills.

Colonel H. C. CROSS, a distinguished citizen of Kansas, at Mackinaw Island, Mich.

Mrs. AUGUSTA WEBSTER, novelist and poetess, at London.

Colonel WILLIAM T. HOLT, head of the Holt Live Stock company, at Denver.

Rev. O. C. SHELTON, pioneer Methodist minister, at Burlington, Ia.

Mrs. SOPHRONIA BISHOP, one of the oldest settlers in Chicago.

Colonel GEORGE VAN ETTEN, wealthy citizen of Little Rock, Ark., at Asbury Park, N. J.

SILAS HUBBARD, public spirited citizen of Kalamazoo, Mich.

TARS GO ON PARADE.

NAVAL VETERANS MARCH THROUGH PITTSBURG STREETS,

And Make a Good Display of Drill and Discipline—Very Brilliant Reception Given by Mrs. Westinghouse—The Struggle for the Chief Command.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 11.—The first day of the twenty-eighth annual encampment, G. A. R., has closed, and nothing but the best can be said of it. The weather was superb and the crowds were large, and no accidents happened to mar the day. The marching event of the day was the parade of the naval veterans, who went over the rather long route with a precision and excellence of drill that called forth the heartiest cheers from the spectators. The veterans numbered 1,000 and were led by Rear Admiral Osborn. In the afternoon the ladies of the G. A. R. and Women's Relief Corps were taken through the city and suburbs in carriages, following which a reception was held at the Monongahela House.

Mrs. Westinghouse Gives a Reception.

The social event of the day was a reception by Mrs. George Westinghouse at her suburban residence "Solitude" given to the visiting ladies. Some of the delegates who have attended similar affairs on many occasions pronounce this the most gorgeous they ever witnessed. The floral decorations were the finest ever seen in this city. Henry Watterson, ex-Governor Beaver, and all of the prominent national officers of the G. A. R. were present. Many reunions were held during the day and evening by members of the different regiments and many were the reminiscences exchanged. The sidewalks are inadequate to accommodate the crowds that throng them and the roadways are used along the main streets. Street cars and vehicles are almost blockaded.

Musical Feature of the Day.

One of the features of the first day of the encampment was the performance of Fred N. Innes' new composition of "War and Peace" at the Exposition last night, and his musical spectacle dedicated to the encampment was given by the Thirteenth regiment band, of New York, a grand chorus of 400 local singers, a company from the Pennsylvania National Guard, Ransom post No. 800, G. A. R., of St. Louis, and a battery of artillery, all under the direction of the composer. There were about 20,000 people present, including Commander-in-Chief J. G. B. Adams and staff and others of note.

National Encampment Politics.

Canvassing has been going on briskly already in all directions in connection with the G. A. R. politics. Each of the four candidates for the office of commander-in-chief has pretty strong backing among the delegates to the encampment. Judge Long, of Michigan, has an enthusiastic following, but the friends of Colonel Lawler, of Illinois, claim to have almost all the northwestern states, while the supporters of Colonel Walker, of Indiana, assert that they have promises enough to carry him through. The Texas aspirant, John D. Bigger, also has plenty of friends, who are confident of his ability to win.

Cities Who Want To Be Hosts.

Louisville and St. Paul are making a secret fight between them for the next encampment. The Louisville delegation, however, claim to have promises enough from the various departments to result in a majority of the national delegates voting in favor of that city. Kansas City is also pushing her claims for recognition.

SHIPMATES HOLD A COUNCIL.

What Was Done at the Convention of Veterans of the Navy.

The ninth annual convention of naval veterans was held in the room of the Allegheny Bar association. There were 200 delegates present. Rear Admiral Osborn presided. His annual report showed a very encouraging condition of affairs, notwithstanding the defalcation of the fleet paymaster last year. When the Indianapolis convention adjourned there was not a dollar in the treasury and the association was heavily in debt. During the past year all the old accounts have been settled, as well as all bills of the present administration. In closing Rear Admiral Osborn stated that having served four terms he would like to be relieved from the duties of his office.

National Secretary Boswick's report showed that charters have been issued to seven local associations during the year—in the cities of Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Bath, Me.; Boston, Annapolis, Lowell, and Rockford, Ills. Second Vice President Francis B. Allen, of the northern Ohio department, proposed a resolution asking congress, at its next session to so amend the laws regarding enlisted men in the navy that those competent may aspire to higher positions. The resolution was supported by the shipmates, and it was decided to memorialize congress. As the law stands enlisted men cannot rise above the rank of warrant officer.

After the reading of reports and presentation of a large number of resolutions, which were referred, Francis B. Allen, of Hartford, Conn., was elected commander and the convention adjourned for the day. The "tars" brought their day to a close by holding a "dog watch" in the old city hall last night. The hall was magnificently decorated in nautical designs and patriotic colors. A number of distinguished speakers were present, among them Governor Pattison; Mayor McKenna, of Pittsburg; Mayor W. M. Kennedy, of Allegheny, and Admiral Osborn.

COMTE D'PARIS IS DEAD.

The Exiled Frenchman Passes Away at London.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—The Comte d'Paris died at the Stowe House, his London residence at 7 o'clock this morning. The disease from which he suffered was given out by the physicians as cancer of the stomach, but it will probably require an autopsy to determine the exact cause of his death.

Tried to Murder a Priest.

BUCHAREST, Sept. 11.—During the celebration of mass in a Catholic church a lunatic, who brandished a long knife, rushed up to the altar and tried to murder the priest. He was seived and disarmed before he could do any harm. The congregation was thrown into a state of half panic by the man's murderous attempt.

Locomotive Firemen in Convention.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 10.—The fourth biennial convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen began in this city with 350 delegates. The entire day's session was given up to the reading of the report of Grand Master Sargeant who occupies the chair.

RECEIVER OATES VINDICATED,

But Villard Charged with Unlawful Gains in the Northern Pacific Case.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 10.—Master in Chancery A. L. Cary has filed his report on the matters referred to him for investigation in connection with the Northern Pacific receivership contest. The report is a bulky document covering 153 closely type-written pages and contains about 45,000 words. It is a complete victory for the receivers, the master exonerating Thomas F. Oakes from every charge preferred against him, but Henry Villard is found guilty of having made unlawful gains as a director of the Northern Pacific Railway company.

It is found that Villard made unlawful gains of $363,691.70 in the Northern Pacific and Manitoba deal, but that Oakes neither knew nor was bound to know that Villard was interested, and that Oakes was not in any respect disloyal to his company or its his interests. The Rocky Fork coal contract is approved, and though Northern Pacific directors Bull, Barney, Haggin and Wright were interested in that company and the Rocky Fork and Cook City Railway company they made no unlawful gains. The master finds nothing wrong with the Chicago terminal deal.

EFFECT OF DEEP PLOWING.

Samples of Nebraska Corn, Planted Deep, Make a Good Showing.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—The agricultural department is giving attention to the success of deep plowing. Professor Whitney, chief of the division of agricultural soils, is now in Nebraska on a special mission to investigate the effect on the soil of deep plowing on the one hand and of irrigation on the other. Recently Secretary Morton received from the governor of Nebraska samples of corn of the 1894 crop, planted deep. Notwithstanding the drought the corn is in excellent condition. The samples sent are all late corns and two of them give 60½ pounds net corn to 91½ pounds of cob. They all mature early, out of harm's way from frost inside of ninety days from planting.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Report.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—The annual report of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company for the year ended June 30 shows gross earnings of $31,327,930, a decrease of $4,415,477; operating expenses, $20,114,389, a decrease of $3,508,610; net earnings, $11,213,613, a decrease of $816,867. Interest on bonds, etc., $7,503,747. Surplus, 3,714,732. During the year two dividends, aggregating 7 per cent., were paid on preferred stock and two, aggregating 4 per cent., on common stock.

Much Wanted Man Captured.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—Charles Nichols, alias Charles Hall, who is badly wanted by the officials of Sioux City, Ia., on a charge of burglary, was captured in Highlands. While in custody of the officers he boasted that he had escaped from the police officers and deputy sheriffs five different times in Iowa and South Dakota. Sheriff Davidson of Sioux City was notified of the arrest and is now on his way to this city.

Fistic Mill Reproduced by the Kinetiscope.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—James J. Corbett fought Peter Courtney, of New Jersey, six hot rounds at the Edison laboratory, in Orange, N. J. It was witnessed by fifteen men and every move of the pugilists was reproduced by Mr. Edison's kinetiscope. There was no ring, but the fight took place in a room twelve feet square, the walls of which were padded. In the sixth round Corbett knocked his man out.

Lowered the Record Ten Hours.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Advices from New York received at the postoffice state that Postman Smith, who started for that city on a bicycle several days ago, reached New York at 11:15 Sunday, lowering the record for the ride between the cities ten and a half hours.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.

Money on call easy. Offered at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@5 per cent.; sterling exchange heavy with actual business in bankers' bills 485¾@488 for demand and 484@485 for sixty days; posted rates 485½@488. Commercial bills 484.

Silver certificates, 64@64½ bid; no sales; bar silver 64¾. Mexican dollars 48¾.

United States bonds, 5's regular, 110; do 5's coupons, 110; do 4's regular, 114; do 4's coupons, 115; do 2's, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 54¾c, closed 54¼c; December, opened 57¾c, closed 57¾c; May, opened 62¾c, closed 62¾c. Corn—September, opened 37¼c, closed 37c; October, opened 37¼c, closed 36¾c; May, opened 56c, closed 55¾c. Oats—September, opened 30¾c, closed 30¼c; October, opened 31¾c, closed 31c; May, opened 36c, closed 35¾c. Pork—September, opened $—, closed $14.25; January, opened $14.15; closed $14.32½. Lard—September, opened $9.00, closed $8.00; January, opened $—; closed $—.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 15@15½c per doz. Live poultry—Chickens, 7½c per lb; spring chickens, 10c; ducks, 7½@8c; turkeys, 6@8c; geese, $4.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—Rose, $1.75@1.85 per bbl; early Ohio, $1.50@1.60. Apples, $1.00@2.75 per bbl. Berries—blueberries, $1.00@1.50 per 16-qt case. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, 12@12½c; broken comb, 10@11c; dark comb, good condition, 10c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 22,000; sales ranged at $3.75@4.85 pigs, $4.80@5.05 light, $4.85@5.75 rough packing, $4.60@4.80 mixed, and $4.90@5.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 14,000; quotations ranged at $5.60@4.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.65@5.35 good to choice do, $3.80@4.55 fair to good, $3.10@3.75 common to medium do, $2.85@3.90 butchers' steers, $1.60@2.75 stockers, $2.60@3.25 feeders, $1.25@3.00 cows, $2.25@3.25 heifers, $1.50@3.25 bulls $2.50@3.20 Texas steers, and $2.00@5.40 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for the day, 8,000; prices ranged at $1.85@3.40 western, $1.60@2.85 Texans, $2.40@3.70 natives, and $1.50@4.25 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 10.

Wheat—Firm; No. 2 spring, 54½c; No. 1 northern, 61c; December, 56½c. Corn—Firm; No. 3 white, 36½c. Oats—Firmer; No. 2 white, 32c; No. 3 white, 31c. Barley—Firmer; No. 2, 53½c; samples, 50@55c. Rye—Higher; No. 1, 47c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 10.

Wheat—Cash, 50¾c; September, 50¾c; December, 53¾c; May, 59¾c. Corn—Cash, 35¼c; September, 35c; December, 35½c; May, 37¾c. Oats—Steady; cash, 31c; September, 31c; May, 35@35¼c. Pork—Higher; jobbing, $16.00. Lard—Higher; steam, $8.40; choice $8.60.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Sept. 6.

A member of company C, Sixth Vermont regiment, who had been through the war, recently saw his own grave in the national cemetery at Antietam.

The case of A. W. Little, a prominent Kansas City lawyer, for shooting and killing J. P. Johnson, a lawyer, two years ago, has again been continued at Olathe, Kan., this time till Nov. 22.

The German emperor is making a collection of autographs, which promises to be the finest in the world.

Though General Longstreet has grown somewhat feeble during the last few months he is still working hard on his memoirs.

Ex-Secretary of War Stephen B. Elkins is slightly ill with erysipelas at his home in Elkins, W. Va.

Emperor William, accompanied by the empress, unveiled the monument erected to the memory of his grandfather, Emperor William I, at Konigsberg.

The new government at Honolulu has received the formal recognition of the United States, the document having been presented by Minister Willis with the usual congratulatory speeches.

Friday, Sept. 7.

Five of the alleged lynchers of the six negroes in Shelby county, Tenn., have been indicted, and there is great alarm among other men involved.

The Populists at Springfield, Ills., offered to file the certificate of nomination of their candidates with the secretary of state and he refused to accept it, on the ground of insufficiency.

Wesley Warner was hanged at Mount Holly, N. J., for the murder of Lizzie Peak, his paramour, on Sept. 18, 1892; Noel Maisson at Pittsburg, for the murder of Mrs. August Raes on Sept. 24, 1893, and Bernard Altenberger at Jersey City for the murder of his sweetheart, Katie Rupp on May 13 last.

With a great parade of veteran and civil societies the corner-stone of the Iowa soldiers' and sailors' monument at Des Moines was laid, Governor Jackson presiding. There was an immense throng present.

The pope is preparing an encyclical which will announce the absolute supremacy of Satolli in all church matters in the United States.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

In an interview Senator Jones, of Nevada, insists that he has not left the Republican party and that his letter does ont say so. He says, however, that he will not vote with any party which is not for the "issue" of more money.

The Pullman strike has at last been officially declared off.

The Metropolitan Traction company at New York is about to abandon the cable and substitute the underground electric system.

Heavy rains and insect pests have greatly damaged the Oregon hop crop.

Another outrage has been committed on Americans by the seizure of a launch by the Mosquito dictators at Bluefields.

The mutilated body of Frank Hathaway, of Chicago, was found on the Lake Shore railway track at Kessler's Siding, Ind.

A St. Louis boy swallowed a green fly while laughing and died shortly after in terrible agony.

Mont Armstrong, who with his brother Calvin, deputy treasurers of Tipton county, Ind., a year ago blew in $43,000 of the public funds on the race track, has been located at Santa Mazetta, Mex.

Monday, Sept. 10.

It is charged by the commissioners of the Iowa Soldiers home that Commandant Keatley and Adjutant Fred Wells are guilty of irregularities and they have been suspended pending investigation. Colonel Keatley says he will satisfactorily account for everything.

Storms have been frequent and destructive in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Maryland and other states in the east and west in the past forty-eight hours. Lightning has been distressingly fatal, while wind, hail and rain have done much damage to crops and other property.

Corbett has signed articles to fight Jackson under the management of the Sioux City, Ia., Athletic club.

The kilns of the Wisconsin red pressed brick company at Menominee have been destroyed by fire.

A military court of inquiry will investigate the insubordination of the California militia which refused to charge on the strike mob at Sacramento.

A cablegram has been received at Philadelphia from Paris announcing the death of Richard Smith, the well-known type founder. He was 73 years of age.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.

A cloudburst at Bethlehem, Pa., submerged everything within a radius of one mile, doing $30,000 damage to private property and $10,000 damage to highways.

Japan is reported to have agreed to pay $750,000 indemnity for firing on the Kow Shung, which was carrying Chinese troops and flying the British flag when sunk by the Mikado's warships.

Life Saver Johnson at Coney Island, while rowing out beyond the life lines found a kitten clinging to a log drifting seaward. Pussy yowled piteously, and Johnson brought it ashore.

George Chatam, a prominent farmer of Pine township, Ind., was seriously injured by the explosion of a barrel of cider.

A fire ball fell out of a black cloud that hung over Austin (a Chicago suburb) and struck in front of the residence of Rev. E. C. Towne, tearing a hole a foot wide in the ground when it exploded.

Knights of Labor assemblies are still being urged to hurry up the petitions asking for the impeachment of Attorney General Olney.

For Tired Mothers

Mrs. G. W. Warnock

"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has made a great change. I was **All Run Down** from trouble and overwork, and had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 44 years. Now since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all **overworked, tired, weak mothers** to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." MRS. G. W. WARNOCK, Beverly, Nebraska. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"What are you going to have, old man?" was the first question asked, and Noel laughingly ordered a sherry cobbler, saying the day was far too hot for anything stronger.

"Who's that I just saw going into the billiard room?" he asked.

"That? That's Regy Vincent. Haven't you met him yet?"

"Regy Vincent," said Noel. "Is he the brother of the Miss Vincent whom I met at the party last night?"

"The very same," was the reply. "Mighty bright fellow, too, and a very jolly one; though he has been in hard luck of late."

"How in hard luck?" asked a quiet looking man seated in a big arm chair, lowering for a moment the newspaper which he had been reading.

"Well, through his father's ill luck on 'Change. You all know, of course, that Vincent was nearly busted before that corner went under last week."

"I know this," was the calm reply, "that while he did stand for a few days on the 'ragged edge,' and while it may be that had that corner not broken when it did he would have been in sore straits, in some way he or his partner, Clark, came to taw with additional funds, and had the consummate pluck to put up more at the very moment when it was believed that that syndicate was going to have everything their own way. So far from being badly bitten by that deal, it's my belief that Vincent, Clark & Co. came out of it with a very pretty penny to the good."

"Well, of course, Harris, you must know more about it than I do. But you cannot be gladder than I am to hear that Vincent's status is so much better than we supposed. I'm glad on his account, I'm glad on Regy's account, and I'm particularly glad on Miss Mabel's account. And now I'm particularly chuckling over Billy Rossiter's frame of mind when he hears the real truth of this matter. When he went after her to Rome last year, and everybody supposed that Vincent was worth a million, there's no doubt in the world that he did his best to win her, and that was what he was sent abroad by his father to do. But he didn't win her then, for she strenuously denied any engagement when she came back here; yet it was supposed that if he persevered his chances would be good. Why, he's not half a bad fellow, only he can't marry so long as he is in his father's employ and dependent on him, unless he marries according to his father's wishes; and the old man called him off just as soon as he found out that Vincent was on the verge of failure. Billy Rossiter has lost any chance that he might have had in that quarter, for she'll never look at him again."

"Serve him right, if that be the case. Any man who hasn't sense enough to stick to a girl who is bright and pretty as Mabel Vincent, rich or poor, deserves no luck at all in this world. But that reminds me, Capt. Noel, according to rumor and what the girls say in society—and you know they generally know pretty much everything that is going on—there is something more than a mere understanding between her and your predecessor here, the recruiting officer, Capt. Lane. Did he say anything about it to you?"

"No, not a word. I think, though, that had there been anything in the story Lane would have let me know something about it, for we are very old and intimate friends. Did you say that that was Mr. Reginald Vincent who has just gone into the billiard room?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Morris, "that's he. Would you like to know him?"

"Very much indeed; and if you've nothing better to do come in and present me. Perhaps he will want to play a game of billiards, and if so I'm his man."

And so it happened that that very morning Gordon Noel was presented to Reginald Vincent, and when Regy went home to luncheon he spoke enthusiastically of his new found acquaintance, whom he pronounced to be one of the most delightful fellows he had ever met anywhere, and who was such a warm and devoted friend of Capt. Lane. "I want, if I meet him this afternoon, as I probably shall, to bring him back to dinner with me. What say you, mother?—just informally."

"Don't you think it would be better to wait a day or two, and have a little dinner, and invite a few friends to meet him?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "Your father, perhaps, would like to be consulted in the matter. I've no doubt that he would like to do something to show attention to any friend of Capt. Lane. What do you think, Mabel?"

"I vote for both," replied that young woman, with much alacrity. "I have met Mr. Noel twice."

"Capt. Noel, dear," said Regy, "Capt. Noel."

"He is not a captain yet, Reginald; I happen to know from the regimental roster; I have a copy upstairs that Capt. Lane very kindly left me." And here a decided flush stole over the fair cheeks of the young lady. "I learned a good deal about the officers of the regiment from Mr. Lane—Capt. Lane—while he was here. Mr. Noel ranks second among the lieutenants of the regiment. As Capt. Lane said, he is so very near his captaincy that perhaps he accepts the title that you all give him at the club as only a trifle premature."

"Well, captain or lieutenant, it doesn't make any difference," said Regy, impulsively; "he's a mighty good fellow, and a mighty good friend of your friend Capt. Lane, and if you have no objection, mother, I'll bring him around to dinner to-night, and then perhaps we might go to the theatre afterward. I'm very sure that Capt. Noel will enjoy it. Fact is, he enjoys everything. Everybody in the club is perfectly delighted with him. You ought to hear him sing an Irish song or tell a French story! I'll try and get him started when he comes here. He's a wonderful mimic; and he's so full of information about their service on the frontier. Now, Lane so seldom spoke of anything of the kind; but Noel will talk for hours at a time about the wonderful country through which they have scouted and fought, and all that they have been through in their campaigns. By Jove! but that fellow has seen a lot of hard service, and has been through some hairbreadth escapes!"

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Vincent; "Capt. Lane or Mr. Noel?"

"Noel, of course—Noel I'm speaking of. Lane, no doubt, saw a great deal of service with the regiment; but Noel says he was adjutant so much of the time, and on other staff duty, while he (Noel) was almost incessantly scouting, hunting after various Indian parties, and being on the warpath, as he laughingly expresses it."

"Does he mean that Capt. Lane didn't see much actual service there?" asked Miss Mabel, with heightened color.

"Oh, I don't know that he means that. Don't understand me as saying for a moment that Noel disparages Lane's services; on the contrary, he never speaks of him except with the most enthusiastic regard. Neither does he boast at all of his own service; only you can't help seeing, in the modest, offhand way in which he speaks of his campaigning what a deal of hardship and danger he has encountered, for the simple reason that he was with the command that had to go through it all."

"Your father tells me," said Mrs. Vincent, "that he met him one day on 'Change when Mr. Withers brought him in; that was before the crash, and when he had no time to pay him any attention. Of course, the cousin of Mr. Amos Withers was received with a great deal of bowing and scraping by Mr. Withers' friends in that honorable body. But all the same, I know your father will be glad to meet Mr. Noel now, and by all means bring him, if you feel disposed, to-night. What manner of looking man is he?"

"A remarkably handsome man, mother," said Mabel at once; "one of the handsomest I ever saw, and he certainly made himself very entertaining and very jolly the night we sat together at dinner at the Thorntons'."

"There's a great contrast physically between him and Lane," put in Regy. "Noel is such an elegantly built fellow—so tall and fine looking. Lane would be almost undersized when standing beside him, and is very much at a disadvantage when they appear together, I should judge."

A very bright and joyous party it was, seated around the home like table of the Vincents that evening, and, as Regy had predicted, Noel proved very entertaining and a most agreeable guest. While showing much deference to Mr. Vincent and attention to his good wife he nevertheless managed to have a great deal to say about the regiment and its daring and perilous service on the frontier, and to throw in here and there many a pleasant word about Capt. Lane and their long and intimate acquaintance, and before dinner was over had won a warm place in Mabel Vincent's heart by the way in which he so frequently spoke of the man to whom she had plighted her troth.

And that very evening, as Frederick Lane—far out under the starlit sky of Arizona—with his heart full of longing and love for her, and thinking only of her as he rode over the desolate plain, with the lights of old Fort Graham already in view, Mabel Vincent, seated by Gordon Noel's side, was looking up into his handsome face and listening to his animated voice between the acts of "Twelfth Night."

CHAPTER IX.

Only a short distance from the Arizona border, with the blue range of the Santa Catarina shutting out the sunset skies, with sand and cactus and Spanish bayonet on every side, the old post of Fort Graham stood in the desert like a mud colored oasis. All the quarters, all the store houses, stables, corrals and barracks were built of the native adobe; and though whitewash had been liberally applied, especially about the homes of the officers, and the long Venetian blinds at their front windows had been painted the coolest of deep greens, and clear running water sparkled through the acequias that bordered the parade, it could not be denied that at its best Graham was an arid and forbidden station, so far as one could judge by appearances. Trees, verdure, turf were items almost unknown within a day's march of the flag staff; but in the old times when the Navajoes were the terror of the wide southwest, and even the Comanches sometimes carried their raids across the Rio Bravo del Norte—the Rio Grande of today—the post had been "located" where it might afford protection to the "Forty-Niners" and to the pioneers of the prairies; the trans-continental trail led past its very gates, and many a time and oft the miner and the emigrant thanked God and the general government that the old fort was placed just where it was, for Indian pursuers drew rein when once in sight of its dingy walls; and so from year to year for more than thrice a decade the flag was raised at sunrise, the post was always garrisoned, and now, with the Southern Pacific piercing the range but a short distance below, and landing stores and forage at the quartermaster's depot within four miles of the corrals, it became easier to maintain a force of cavalry at Graham; and one of the troops there stationed was Lane's new command, the relict of the late lamented Curran, "the Devil's own D."

An easy going old dragoon was Curran, and for years before his retirement it was an open secret that his first sergeant "ran the troop" to suit himself and that the captain never permitted his subalterns to interfere. A more independent, devil-may-care, and occasionally drunken lot of troopers were rarely gathered in one such organization, and while steady and reliable men on getting their discharges at the end of their term of enlistment would refuse to "take on" again in D troop, but would go over to Capt. Breese or perhaps to a company at another station, all the scamps and rollicking characters in the regiment would drift over into "D" and be welcomed by the choice spirits therein assembled. And this was the gang that Capt. Lane was now expected to bring up with a round turn and transform into dutiful soldiers. Obedient to the colonel's behest, he had stopped over a couple of days at headquarters, had had a most cordial greeting from every officer at the post, had called on all the ladies—not omitting his fair defamers—and then had hastened on to Graham and his new and trying duties.

Every day, as he was whirled farther from the home of her whom he so devotedly loved, he wrote long letters to her, filled with—only lovers know what all. And his heart leaped with joy that topmost in the little packet of letters awaiting him at the adjutant's office when he reached his post was a dainty billet addressed to him in her beloved hand. Until he could get his quarters in habitable condition the new troop commander was the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Nash; and he could hardly wait for the close of that amiable woman's welcoming address to reach his room and devour every word of that most precious missive. She had written—bless her!—the very day after he left, and a sweet, womanly letter it was—so shy and half timid, yet so full of faith and pride in him. Every one at Graham remarked on the wonderful change for the better that had come over Lane since he went east. Never had they seen him so joy-

He wrote long letters to her.

ous, so blithe in manner. He seemed to walk on air; his eyes beamed on every one; his face seemed "almost to have a halo round it," said Mrs. Nash, and neither she nor any woman in garrison had the faintest doubt as to the explanation of it all. Love had wrought the change, and being loved had intensified and prolonged it. Every man, every woman in garrison was his friend, and the happy fellow would gladly have taken dozens of them into his confidence and told them all about it, and talked by the hour of her.

But there were reasons, Mrs. Vincent had said, why it was most desirable that there should be no announcement of the engagement as yet. What those were she did not explain to Mabel herself, but assured her that it was her father's wish as well. Lane had rushed to the great jewelry house of Van Loo & Laing, and the diamond solitaire that flashed among the leaves of the exquisite rosebud he smilingly handed her that night was one to make any woman gasp with delight. Could anything on earth be rich enough, pure enough, fair enough to lavish on her, his peerless queen?

She had held forth her soft white hand and let him slip it on the engagement finger, and then bend the knee like knight of old and kiss it fervently. She reveled in it, rejoiced in it, but, heeding her mother's advice, stowed it away where none could see it, in the secret drawer of her desk, and Lane was perfectly satisfied. "I will tell you the reason some day," Mrs. Vincent had said to him, "but not just now, for I might be doing wrong;" and he had protested that she need never tell him. What cared he so long as Mabel's love was his, and they understood each other as they did?

And so, while people at Graham plied him with questions and insinuations and side remarks about the "girl he left behind him" in the east, he kept faithfully to the agreement, and though the whole garrison knew he wrote to her every day and took long rides alone that he might think of her, doubtless, and though every one knew that those dainty missives that came so often for Capt. Lane were written by Miss Mabel Vincent, never once did he admit the existence of an engagement—never once until long afterwards.

The first real tidings that the Graham people had of her came in a letter from headquarters. Mrs. Riggs had had such a long, charming letter from Mr. Noel that she called in several of her cronies and read it all to them; and that very evening one of the number, unable to bear the burden of so much information, shifted it from her mental shoulders by writing it all to Mrs. Nash. Perhaps the best plan will be to read the extract which referred to Lane exactly as Mr. Noel wrote it:

"By this time I presume Fred Lane is busily engaged with his new troop. I served with them in the Sioux campaign and they never gave me any trouble at all. So, too, in the Geronimo chase a while ago, when Maj. Brace picked me out to go ahead by night from Carrizo's I asked for a detachment from D troop, and the men seemed to appreciate it. I knew they would follow wherever I would lead, and would stand by me through thick and thin. If Lane starts in right I've no doubt they will do just as well for him; but I expect he is feeling mighty blue at having to rejoin just now. You know I've always been a warm friend of his, and it hurt me to see him so unwilling to go back. No one seemed to know him very well in society, and it's very queer, for this was his old home—and I was never more delightfully welcomed anywhere: the people are charming. But Lane had held himself aloof a good deal, and fellows at the club say he didn't 'run with the right set.' Then, if all accounts be true, he had had hard luck in several ways. I'm told that he lost money in a big wheat speculation, and everybody says he totally lost his heart. I tell you this in confidence because I know you are a devoted friend of his—as indeed you are of all in the dear old regiment—but he was much embarrassed when it came to turning over the funds. There was quite a heavy shortage, which he had to make up at a time when it was probably most inconvenient. As to the other loss, it isn't to be wondered at. She is a beautiful and most charming girl, and many a man, I fancy, has laid his heart at her feet. It is said, however, that Lane's loss is the heavier in this case because—well, I fear it will come to nothing. A young lady told me yesterday that there was something back of it all—that she, Miss Vincent, was deeply in love with a Mr. Rossiter, of New York, and had been for over a year, and they were to have been married this coming September, but that the gentleman (?) learned that her father had been nearly swamped in speculation and had not a penny to give her. My informant went to school with Miss Vincent and knows her intimately, and she says that Mr. Rossiter simply threw her over a short time ago, and that it was through pique and exasperation and to hide her heartbreak from the world that Mabel Vincent began to show such pleasure in Lane's devotions. She led him on, so her lady friends say; and now Mr. Rossiter has found out that old Vincent was sharper and shrewder than any one supposed, and made instead of losing a pile, and now he is suing to be taken back, and they say that she is so much in love with the fellow that the chances are all in his favor. This is why I feel such sorrow and anxiety for Lane.

"Well, I led the german at a lovely party at the Prendergasts' last night. Miss Vincent was there, looking like a peach blossom, and we danced together a great deal. When it came time to break up I believe half the people in the rooms came to say good night to me and to tell me they had never seen so delightful a german—'everything so depends on the leader.' I have invitations for something or other for every night for the next fortnight; and yet I so often long for the old regiment and the true friends I had to leave. It did me a world of good last night to meet old Col. Gray, of the retired list, whose home is here, but he commanded the ——th infantry in the Sioux campaign, and when he saw me he threw his arms around my neck and hugged me before the whole throng of people. Give my love to our chief, always, and believe me, dear, true friend of mine. Yours, most affectionately,

"GORDON NOEL."

Condensed, edited by feminine hands, and accented here and there as suited the writer's mood, this was the letter which formed the basis of the one received by Mrs. Nash. Lane by this time was cosily ensconced in his quarters, and was giving all his time to the improvement of affairs about his troop's barracks, kitchens and stables, to drill and target practice, and to company duties generally. His days knew no relaxation from labor, from reveille until "retreat" at sunset, and then came the delicious evenings in which he could write to her, and read a chapter or two of some favorite work before going early to bed. After the first week he seldom left his house after 8 o'clock, and the garrison had therefore ample opportunity to discuss his affairs. Some color was lent to the story of his having lost money in speculation by a letter received from Cheyenne, written to the new major of the ——th infantry, who had recently joined by promotion from Fort Russell, near that thriving town. The writer said that Lane of the Eleventh cavalry had sold his property there for fifteen thousand dollars about the end of June, and he had bought it for twenty-five hundred only nine years before. He could have got eighteen thousand just as well by waiting a few days, but he wanted the money at once.

No one, of course, could ask the captain any direct questions about his affairs of either heart or pocket, but Lane was puzzled to account for some of the remarks that were made to him—the interrogatories about the methods of speculation, the tentatives as to chances of "making a good thing" in that way, and the sharp and scrutinizing glances that accompanied the queries. The sweet, sympathetic, semi-confidential manner, the inviting way in which the ladies spoke to him of his present loneliness and their hopes that soon he would bring to them a charming wife to share their exile and bless his army home—all this, too, seemed odd to him; but, as he had never been in love nor engaged before, he did not know but that it was "always the way with them," and so let it pass.

And then he was very happy in her letters. They were neither as frequent nor as long as his, but then she had such a round of social duties; she was in such constant demand; there were visitors or parties every night, and endless calls and shopping tours with mother every day, and she was really getting a little run down. The weather was oppressively warm, and they longed to get away from the city and go to the mountains. It was only a day's ride to the lovely resorts in the Alleghanies, but papa was looking a little thin and worn again, and the doctors had said his heart was affected—not alarmingly or seriously, but mamma could not bear to leave him, and he declared it utterly impossible to be away from his business a single day. He and Mr. Clark were very hopeful over a new venture they had made, the nature of which she did not thoroughly understand.

But let us take a peep at some of those early letters—not at the answers to his eager questions, not at the shy words of maiden love that crept in here and there, but at those pages any one might read.

"Tuesday night.

"Such a delightful german as we had last night at the Prendergasts'! Capt. Noel led—I have to call him captain, for every one does here, and if I say 'Mr.' they want to know why, and it is embarrassing to explain how I know. He leads remarkably well, and I was very proud of 'our regiment,' sir, when listening to all the nice things said about him. How I wished for a certain other cavalry captain, now so many cruel miles away! Mr. Noel took me out often—and indeed I was a decided belle—and he told me that he had to lead with Miss Prendergast, but would so much rather dance with me.

"It is almost settled that we go away in August for the entire month. Dr. Post says mother must go, and that father ought to go. Of course I go with mamma. Deer Park will doubtless be the favored spot. I wish August were here; I wish you were here; I wish—oh, so many things! Your letters are such a delight to me. I wonder if other girls have anything like them. Yes, you shall have the picture on my birthday; but mind, sir, you are to take the utmost care of it, or the original will feel neglected."

"Friday night.

"So many interruptions today, dear Fred! You see what an incoherent thing this is thus far, and now I'm tired out. We had a charming time at the Woodrows' dinner last evening. The day had been hot, but their table was set on the lawn under a canopy, and, the walls being raised, we had a delightful breeze from the river. Their place is one of the finest on the heights. I do so wish you could have seen it. Capt. Noel took me in, and was bright and jolly and full of anecdote. Everybody likes him, and I like him mainly because he is such a loyal friend of yours. He talks so much of you and of all the dangers you have shared in common; and you know how interesting all this must be to me. Sometimes I wonder that you had so little to say about him—though you never did talk much about the regiment and never would talk much about yourself. Wednesday evening we had a little theatre party. Regy got it up, and we just filled two adjoining loges. Capt. Noel was Fanny Holton's escort, but he talked most of the time with me—a thing that my escort, Mr. Forbes, did not seem to like; but, as he couldn't talk, and Mr. Noel would, what could I do?"

"Sunday evening.

"It is late and I ought to be asleep, but the last caller has just gone, and tomorrow there may be no time to write at all, and you are such an exacting, tyrannical, dear old boy that— Well, there, now, let me tell you of the day. You say anything and everything that I say or do is of interest. So, to begin with, yesterday I had a headache, due, I fear, to the late supper Regy gave us at the club after the theatre. Fanny Holton came to take me for a drive, but I did not feel like going, and begged off. Then she told me that Capt. Noel was in the carriage waiting, and that he would be so disappointed. Mother came in and said the air would do me good; and so we went, and I came back feeling so much brighter. Mr. Noel was very amusing and kept us laughing all the time. Coming home Fanny got out at her house, as she had to dress for dinner, but told the coachman to drive me home and Mr. Noel to the club. He began talking of you the moment she disappeared, and said he so hoped you were going to write regularly to him. Are you? He seems so fond of you; but I do not wonder at that.

"This morning we went to church, and afterwards Mr. Noel joined and walked home with us, and papa begged him to come into luncheon, which he did. You dear fellow! what have you done to my beloved old daddy, that he is so ardent an admirer of yours? He shook Mr. Noel's hand three times before he would let him go, and begged him to come often; he liked to know men, he said, who could so thoroughly appreciate—whom do you think, sir?—Capt. Fred Lane. After he had gone papa spoke of him delighted on two or three occasions. Will they take him away, too, as soon as he is really a captain?"

"Wednesday.

"You dear, dear, extravagant fellow! Never have I had such exquisite flowers, or such profusion of them. You must have given your florist carte blanche. Nothing that came to me compared with them. My birthday was the cause of quite a little fete in the family, and I had some lovely presents. Mr. Noel, too, sent a beautiful basket of roses, and it pleased me very much. I want your comrades to like me, and yet I know he did this on your account. Though he is so thoughtful and delicate and never refers to our engagement I feel that he knows it; and it seems better that way, somehow.

"You did not answer my questions about him, Fred. Didn't you read my letter?"

Among the letters that came from the Queen City was one which bore the tremulous superscription of the head of the firm of Vincent, Clark & Co. It was brief, but it gave Capt. Lane a thrill of gladness:

"It was your timely and thoughtful aid that enabled us to recover so much of our losses. You alone came to our rescue and I fully appreciate the risk you ran. It will never be forgotten.

"Clark will send draft for the entire am't, or deposit to your credit, as you may direct. I go to New York and Chicago in two or three days. Our prospects are flattering."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHICAGO INJUNCTION.

Without Precedent, Contrary to Law and Consequently Should Be Void.

As to the power of courts to punish for contempt, The Record quotes Mr. Milchrist as saying that "under the law the court could commit the men (Debs et al.) to jail without bail and without hope of habeas corpus proceedings."

This would be the law if the injunctions were legally issued and if the courts had not exceeded their jurisdiction, but permit me to say the recent injunctions of the federal courts are without precedent, illegal and void, and as it is not contempt to disregard an illegal injunction appellate courts will grant stays of proceedings and habeas corpus in such cases.

Courts are proverbially anxious to extend their jurisdiction, for the whole history of chancery proceedings is a continuous encroachment of the law and usurpation by the one man tribunal of chancery on our common law courts and jury system. Up to the present time courts of chancery have been satisfied to issue injunctions against trespass, but nowhere is there any authority vested in a court to prohibit crime by means of an injunction. Were it otherwise, then our courts only needed to issue a perpetual blanket injunction against all crimes of the statute books, punish pretended offenders for contempt of court in a summary manner, and thus deprive us at once of our constitutional right to a trial by jury, a right, by the way, so cherished by our Revolutionary fathers that they based their right to rebellion on the fact that the existing government had in many cases abolished the trial by jury.

I am of course aware that in some prohibition states statutes have been enacted empowering chancery to enjoin the crime of liquor selling by declaring saloons a nuisance, which theory has its foundation in common law and is sound enough on the nuisance theory, but independently of statute courts have no jurisdiction to prohibit crime by injunction.

Train robbing is a statutory crime. Imagine a court to issue an injunction against train robbing and then punish any number of citizens accused by railroad detectives of train robbing under the contempt of court proceedings.

Illegal voting is a statutory crime. Imagine the spectacle of a partisan judge, appealed to by his party, issuing an injunction against "illegal voting" and after election punishing pretended offenders for contempt of court, thus depriving them of their right to a trial by their peers.

I heard it once argued that the negro who steals the white man's chickens is not a bit more a thief than the white man who steals the negro's civil rights. I am undecided who is the greater anarchist, the man who stops by force or persuasion a mail train or the judge who, by pettifogging, steals the other man's rights to a trial by jury.

Now, it might be said that the injunctions run against trespass independently of the crimes connected with it. To dispose of this let me say that most crimes are aggravated trespass and that the smaller offense is merged in the greater, and, further, if the injunctions run against the mere trespass, why did the district attorney obtain the injunctions, and why does the district attorney bring the contempt proceedings?

If the property of a foreigner was threatened by trespassers, would the district attorney be entitled to petition for an injunction in the name of the United States? It is therefore plain that now for the first time in our history the star chamber proceedings of a court of chancery are employed to deprive American citizens of a trial by jury in a criminal case. The decisions are numerous denying to chancery the right to issue an injunction when the state furnishes ample means for the prosecution and punishment of wrongdoers, since chancery only has jurisdiction where the law provides no remedy for the wrong or where the legal remedy is inadequate. — Reinhardt Feyerbend in Chicago Record.

Wonderful Fecundity of Flowers.

A single seed of the common sweet pea of the Emily Henderson variety has been known to produce a stalk yielding 2,000 flowers per month during the flowering season, which generally lasts from June 15 to Oct. 1. A record of the flowers cut from a row of these peas 60 feet in length, plants or vines standing at a distance of nine inches apart, shows that the first flowers were plucked on June 11 and the last on Oct. 20. Even though badly matted—which made close cutting almost impossible and allowed many thousand to go to seed—the 60 foot row exhibits the following remarkable record: Flowers removed during June, 20,000; July, 17,500; August, 26,000; September, 6,400; October (up to the evening of the 19th), 3,500; total, 73,400. As noted, a large number went to seed, besides the buds that were smothered out on account of the vines being so badly matted. There is scarcely a doubt but that the row would have yielded above 100,000 flowers during the season had conditions been more favorable.—St. Louis Republic.

Cattlemen from about Laramie report that settlers and ranchmen have been annoyed and pestered with myriads of grasshoppers, eating up the grass for miles until scarcely any hay will be left for winter.

Mrs. John W. Lindsay, who has mourned her husband as dead, met him with another wife in Quinn chapel, Chicago, and a scene ensued.

It is estimated that 1,000 persons were destroyed by the cyclone on the Sea of Azov, among them some American tourists.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Sam'l of Posen."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Athenia."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Off the Earth."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Milk White Flag."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Pride of Mayo".

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Katie Emmet.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Faust."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THAT "BRITISH GOLD" AND THE "IRISH" PARTY.

The tempest raised in Great Britain and Ireland by the contributions to the Irish Parliamentary (McCarthyite) fund of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tweedmouth, threatens the most serious consequences to those Irish members who had a hand in sending out the circular soliciting money from British Liberals. The virtuous "Tim" Healy has seized the opportunity to make fierce war on McCarthy and Dillon, while the latter worthy gentlemen are simply paralyzed by the storm of execration which at present rages against them. Another Imp of Satan that hugely enjoys the situation is the London *Times*, which sails more bitterly for the British contributors than for the Irish solicitors of the funds.

John Francis Xavier O'Brien, who used to be a rampant Fenian, and who was sentenced to death for the part he took in the "rising of '67, has come particularly under the strong lash of Tim Healy's nimble tongue. O'Brien pleads the baby act, and, by so doing, only renders himself more ridiculous than before. Somebody, surely, must have authorized the degrading circular, and those who are proven responsible will be made to suffer severely by the outraged Irish people. Of all the incidents that have tended to mar the character of the Irish movement in the eyes of the world, this last one is certainly the worst, the most shameful. It is a regular sell-out to the British Whigs. The latter are not so much to blame for responding to the appeal for alms, but those who made the appeal would do well to follow the example of Castlereagh and John Sadlier. They are dishonored forever. Of course, if they can prove their innocence that is quite another matter. But can they? Oh, how bitterly Parnell is avenged on those who forsook him, for the applause of the Whig wolves, in the hour of his need! Here is what the cable has to say about the whole performance:

"DUBLIN, Sept. 10.—In regard to the recent Irish circular appealing for contributions to the parliamentary campaign fund James Francis X. O'Brien, M. P., writes: "Although the circular was written in my name neither I nor any other member of the party had anything to do with drafting, signing, or distributing it." Timothy Healy writes that ministers and other wealthy Liberals, other than Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tweedmouth, have replied to the circular by subscribing considerable sums to the fund.

"LONDON, Sept. 11.—The *Times* this morning publishes an article on Mr. Gladstone's recent subscription of £100 to the Irish Parliamentary fund. The article gives a history of the fund, representing that it has been and is even now supported by the physical force party. It says that Mr. Gladstone and Baron Tweedmouth, who is a whip of the Liberal party, can hardly pretend ignorance of the history of the fund. Its old American subscribers, it adds, are now divided into a body thirsting for vengeance upon the murderers of Cronin and a body which does not thirst for such vengeance. The only consolation is that the publication of the names of the latest subscribers will prevent all further contributions for the present from the old subscribers. If privy councilors do not shrink from appearing in the same list with dynamiters the latter will hardly consent to appear with the privy councilors. Even Irish-American politicians have scruples, even the Clanna-Gael has its point of honor."

The *Times*, as usual, lies, when it refers to the Cronin tragedy. The Irish people in this country are not divided on any such miserable issue, nor is the question ever raised here, except for political effect, whether American or British. It is, however, perfectly right when it infers that Irish-American people, who have any self-respect, object to being associated with the ministers or ex-ministers of the British crown as fellow-subscribers to an Irish fund. They would also object to associate socially, as well as politically, with persons connected with the disreputable, dastardly London *Times*, which can never recover from the disgrace put upon it after its libel on the late Charles Stewart Parnell.

THE "DREARY ROUND" OF ANGLO-IRISH POLITICS.

Mr. John Sweetman, M.P., of Wexford, is a McCarthyite who is sick of the Whig policy in regard to home rule and other Irish questions. He recently wrote a proclamation to his constituents in which he stated that "there is at present a general political apathy in Ireland. I believe that the cause is the people are beginning to have as little confidence in us, as they formerly had in Butt's Home Rule party, before Parnell came to the front. I am weary of the dreary round of walking through the government lobby, at the house of commons, for the sake of keeping a government in office which has, confessedly, no power to legislate for Ireland." This, certainly, is a candid statement of facts from the frank Mr. Sweetman. Oh, for the stirring days, and nights, of Parnell, Biggar & Co., who used to keep the hungry and sleepy Saxons in the 'ouse for fifty hours at a stretch! In those days Ireland was considered, and even the Tories did not disdain to bid for her favors. Now, owing to faction and slavish submission, her cause has fallen so low in the house of commons that no Englishman, of any party, is so poor as to do it reverence. The only way to make parliamentary effort in the slightest degree useful, is to revive the Parnell-Biggar tactics, as much as practicable, and give the English no rest or peace. Chinese torture is about the only policy that can make John Bull come to terms. Deprive him of his dinner and his bed, and he is conquered for the time being. The Irish mosquitoes in the house of commons should keep buzzing and biting.

KAISER WILHELM AND THE PRUSSIAN NOBLES.

The young German emperor is the most romantic character in Christendom. He belongs to the age of chivalry, and has all the characteristics of those stirring monarchs who led the crusaders to Palestine for the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the Saracens. Europe has not seen his like for ages. Wilhelm is the friend of the common people, of the farmers, and in South Germany the other day he laid down the law to the barons and told them that, with his consent, they would not be allowed to oppress the people. "The pledges made to the farmers must be fulfilled," he cried at the banquet table, where the nobles of Germany, in their warlike harness, sat around and quaffed the red wine. "Like my grandsire," he continued, "I believe in the divine right by which I rule, and I am ashamed of the Prussian nobles who will not stand by their king!"

As might be expected, these bold and singular words produced a profound impression. The emperor plainly intimated that he wished to make the German masses the bulwark of his throne, and this of course did not please the aristocrats, who, as in Ireland, want to regulate the relations between landlord and tenant to suit themselves. Of course the attitude assumed by the young kaiser will make him wonderfully popular with the masses, but what will be the effect on the classes? They are not likely to look with favor on a youthful monarch who makes war upon their prerogatives, and rebellions of nobles against their kings have always been dangerous, if not fatal, to the latter.

Thus, at Runymede, the Norman barons wrung Magna Charta from the tyrant John, and they succeeded in forcing his weak son, Henry III, to further amplify its provisions. They deposed Richard II and placed Henry of Lancaster on the throne. They were largely instrumental in changing the scepter from the House of Lancaster to the House of York, and back again to the former. They divided in regard to Charles I and James II. Had they remained solidly behind those monarchs, the one might not have lost his head and the other his crown. Paul I of Russia fell a victim to a conspiracy of his nobles, associated with members of his own family, and Napoleon was deposed at Fontainebleau quite as much by the threats of his marshals as by the cannon of the allied sovereigns. It is not, therefore, improbable that Wilhelm's uncompromising attitude toward his nobles will cause the latter to feel resentment toward him, and a despotic throne, unsupported by the aristocracy, is never stable. The aristocrats of England stand today between the throne of the Guelphs and destruction. The fall of the House of Lords would presage the melting of the crown.

"KARAMAN" AND "MARYLAND."

Early in 1861 the South was electrified by the appearance of the powerful rebel war song, entitled "Maryland, My Maryland," by James R. Randall, a well known litterateur of Baltimore, Md. While the words of Mr. Randall's song bear no resemblance, or relation, whatever to the words of "Karaman, O Karaman!" written by the gifted but most unfortunate Irish poet, James Clarence Mangan—who has been called Ireland's Edgar Allan Poe—some time in the "forties," the construction of the poem and its refrain certainly conveys the idea that Mr. Randall was struck with the epigrammatic vigor of the Irishman's verse before he wrote his own immortal war chant. The poem of Karaman is in Mangan's best style, and is classed in the volume of his poems among the "Apocrypha." It is alleged to be from the Ottoman, but as Mangan knew not a word, so far as known, of the Turkish language, it is fair to assume that he had Ireland in his mind's eye, as was the case in some of his other allegories, when he gave vent to the feelings of the Karamanian Exile, in the following splendid stanzas:

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O Karaman!
As when thy gold bright morning gleams,
As when thy deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman! O Karaman!

The hot, bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman!
Seem death black marble to mine eyes
Karaman! O Karaman!
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to my eyes,
Karaman!
In thee my light of life yet lies,
Karaman!
Thou still art holy in my eyes,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman!
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman! O Karaman!
Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragged me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman!
In life and death my spirit's home,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Oh, none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman!
Loved like me my fellow men,
Karaman! O Karaman!
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then,
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman!
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman!
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
Karaman! O Karaman!

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman!
Wither'd like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman! O Karaman!
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn,
What once I loved now moves my scorn,
My burning eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman!
I hate the blessed light of morn,
Karaman!
It maddens me, the face of morn,
Karaman! O Karaman!

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman!
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman! O Karaman!
His heart is black with million stains:
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall never more fall dews and rains
Karaman!
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman!
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman! O Karaman!

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman!
Azreel avengeth every wrong,
Karaman! O Karaman!
Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman!
Azreel is terrible and strong,
Karaman!
His lightning sword smites all ere long,
Karaman! O Karaman!

There's care tonight in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman! O Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark! the muster trumpet calls,
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! The foe! they scale the walls,
Karaman!
Tonight Murad or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Mr. Randall's "Maryland," which contains sentiments objectionable to us, as to all who were loyal to the Union, is scarcely less powerful than the lyric just quoted. Some of its passages are unrivalled for their passion and vigor. They run as follows:

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to a wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And arm thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not brook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl
Than crucifixion of the soul!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust!
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come in thy panoplied array,
Maryland, my Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come for thy sword is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come with thine own heroic throng,
Who march with liberty along,
And give a new Key to thy song
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear mother! break the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She meets her sister on the plain,
"Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But now there surges forth a shriek
From hill to plain, from stream to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
'Tis the Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum,
She breathes, she burns—she'll come, she'll come,
Maryland, my Maryland!

But for the references to Virginia and the "Northern scum"—we believe Mr. Randall has moderated his language in regard to us with advancing years, knowledge and wisdom—this splendid lyric might easily pass for an appeal to Union hearts. It is, by all odds, the best, the most stirring of all the poems written by Confederate sympathizers. As chorus songs, the Union "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching," and "Marching Through Georgia" surpass it, but the latter favorite lyric was not sung by the Union armies, because it was not written, until the close of the war. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is like a stately echo from the timbrel of Miriam the Prophetess. Yet, it is not unlikely that Randall's "Maryland," modeled, whether by chance or design, on Mangan's "Karaman," will outlive, as a composition, all of its rivals, both North and South.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN MITCHEL.

O'Donovan Rossa, in his *United Irishman* of last week, gives a graphic and, at the same time, a touching picture of John Mitchel's grave and its surroundings at Newry, county Down. Says Rossa: "The day after the lecture in Newry Thomas Boyd took the editor of the *United Irishman* to see the grave of John Mitchel. The graveyard is in the town of Newry. It seems to be a deserted graveyard—doesn't look as if many were buried in it. When the woman unlocked the gate Mr. Boyd and I walked in—walked through an even grassy field, with no gravestones or mounds of earth to show we were treading over buried people. We came to the end of the little field, and there in a line were about ten little tombs, each no more than two feet high. From the headstone and sidestones of two of these I took the following words:

"'In memory of John Mitchel, born November 3, 1815, died March 20, 1875. After 27 years spent in exile for the sake of Ireland, he returned with honors to die among his own people; and he rests with his father and mother in the adjoining tomb. Erected by his widow.'

"'William Haslett Mitchel, born 4th June, 1830; died 27th January, 1891.'

"'In memory of Mary Mitchel, fourth daughter of Rev. John Mitchel, formerly of Newry, born 10th December, 1834, died 26th March, 1889.'

"Leaving the graves and walking up the field towards the entrance gate, there was at the left hand side a pulpit in the open air. 'There,' said Mr. Boyd, 'is the pulpit from which John Mitchel's father used to preach to his congregation in the open air.' Standing by John Mitchel's grave, I felt sad at being so near him and could not speak to him."

GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.

Australia is again looming up as a gold mine centre, and if the glowing reports cabled from there are confirmed there will doubtless be a rush to the fields of discovery greater than ever before. Despatches from Vancouver, B. C., dated Monday, say: "Advices from Australia by the steamer Warrimoo say another immense nugget of gold was found at Cool Gardie, eclipsing the famous Londonderry find. The nugget, which has been called the Dunn nugget after its finder, weighs 1800 ounces and is worth over $30,000. It was taken from a reef the whole face of which glitters with gold. Tremendous excitement prevails, and since the find property has increased at the diggings 500 per cent. The laboring miners have struck at Cool Gardie and demand £4 a week. They have armed themselves with rifles to prevent outsiders working in their places. Bloodshed is feared. Four thousand people are camped aronnd where Dunn found his nugget, and the work is progressing with the greatest danger and difficulty. Two hundred special police have been sworn in to protect property."

HEALY EXPOSES THE IRISH POLICE SYSTEM.

"Tim" Healy, M.P., whatever may be his faults of tongue and taste, has a great nose for news, and drops on scandals of Irish government like a chicken hawk on a screeching jay. The latest development of English distrust of Irishmen in her service, which is, indeed, quite natural, was brought forth by "Tim" recently during a debate on the Irish constabulary force in the house of commons. The depot headquarters of the constabulary are in Phœnix Park, Dublin, and a question arose as to how the men, who receive their training there, are officered. Secretary Morley admitted that of the twelve officers, eight were Protestants and four Catholics. "Tim" said the proportion was even more in favor of the Protestants, but he did not care so much about that. He asked Mr. Morley how many of the constabulary officers were Irishmen, and Mr. Morley was again forced to admit that six of them were Englishmen! It was further discovered that English ex-soldiers, from India and elsewhere, are also members of the rank and file of the force. Commenting on this somewhat peculiar innovation, the *Irish News*, published in Belfast, says:

"It has up to the present, at least, been thought that the constabulary was a purely Irish force. Many of our judges thought so when they used their gushing words of eulogy in reference to what they called the finest body of men in the world, and 'a credit to the country that reared them.' Did they know that Irishmen are being pushed out, and that the proportion of Englishmen is increasing every day? The chief secretary's answer to Mr. Healy is proof enough that influences are at work to denationalize the Irish police force, once thought to be so distinctively Irish that none but Irishmen were to be found in its ranks. But even here the native Celt is pushed out. He may go to the banks of the Mersey or of the Thames to find employment, for in this land the stranger meets with a cordial welcome to take his place. We hope some member will not omit to ask for a return showing the entire number of Irishmen in the higher ranks of this police force. The composition of the force from a religious point of view would be still more remarkable. It would seem that while the main body of the force is three fourths Catholic, three-fourths of the fat emoluments above the rank of head constable go to the favored individuals who generally happen to belong to the favored religion. It is, we admit, a very odious thing to have to refer to religion in connection with such a matter, but the blame for that rests not with those who are forced to complain, but with those who make such complaints inevitable. Those who will not act fairly as a matter of principle cannot object if their shortcomings are pointed out more publicly than they would care for if the choice lay in their hands. Should this return be asked for and granted, it will contain not a few interesting details as to the way in which the force that rules the country is itself ruled."

The English rulers of Ireland judge the feelings of Irishmen by what would be the feelings of Englishmen if conditions were reversed, and a constabulary force composed of Englishmen enrolled to hold England for Ireland's use and benefit. They would see Ireland damned first. But some of the Irish, unfortunately, are not as good and thorough patriots as the English. It is almost impossible to hire an Englishman, unless he is some kind of a blackguard, to fight against his country. He would rather be cut in pieces than do it. Therefore the English very naturally distrust Irishmen in their service, although as regards the constabulary they need have no fears. That force, as a majority, is composed of denationalized and, therefore, degraded Irishmen. The decent fellows quit the force and come to America as soon as they accumulate enough money to take them here. The anti-Irish Irish element of the force remain in Ireland to do England's dirty work. Some few of course are chained to their servitude by circumstances, such as having large families to support, and not being able to scrape out a living at anything else. THE CITIZEN doesn't care two cents if the constabulary in Ireland should be finally made up of Englishmen. The spectacle would be less degrading than the present exhibition of the sons of the soil helping to keep their motherland in subjection to the will of her tyrants.

IN view of the alms accepted by the McCarthyite wing of the Irish Parliamentary party from English ex-ministers and Liberal "whips," how truly the words of Burns in regard to the Scotch union with England strike home:

What English steel could not subdue
Through many warlike ages
Is sold now by a coward few
For hireling traitors' wages!
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valor's station,
But English gold has been our bane,
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

A REPUBLICAN "tidal wave" struck Maine on Monday. The whole Republican State ticket was elected by a plurality of nearly 40,000, and every county in Maine was carried by the party. Tom Reed was re-elected to Congress by a plurality of about 10,000, and so were his time-honored colleagues, Dingley, Boutelle and Milliken. Chairman Joe Manley, of the National committee, is overwhelmed with congratulations. One of the most significant incidents connected with the contest is that Biddeford, an important manufacturing centre, which, in 1892, went Democratic gives this year a Republican majority of 470.

THE result of the recent election in Vermont can hardly be called a surprise to any one. Here are the figures: Returns from all towns in the State shew the Republican majority to be 27,310 and the plurality 28,356. Official returns will change these figures but little. The following is the analysis: Republican vote 1894, 42,736; 1890, 33,462. Democratic vote 1894, 14,380; 1890, 19,313. Republican gain, 9,274; Democratic loss, 4,963. The senate is a Republican unit and the house stands as follows: Republicans 233, Democrats 9, Populists 1. Three towns made no choice.

IT is reported that the Prince of Wales grossly insulted George Gould, of New York, at the recent regatta in England. Serves Gould right. An American sovereign who places himself in a position to be insulted by a blackguard, like Wales, deserves his punishment.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The reopening, for the regular season, of the Schiller Theatre last Sunday night was quite an amusement event. Notwithstanding the storm which came up—and down—an hour before curtain time, the house was filled with a first rate representative audience and presented a pretty and, indeed, a brilliant spectacle. Manager Thomas W. Prior and the members of his staff were very much in evidence; there was a very considerable showing of gay colored dressing among the ladies, and the opening of the Schiller was in every way a marked success. The attraction this week is "Superba," the spectacular pantomime and stage trick entertainment now given in an entirely new form and dress by the famous Hanlon Brothers.

The return of M. B. Curtis to the stage, after an absence of three years, in the famous "Sam'l of Posen" has been greeted with a public reception that amounts to a popular ovation. Mr. Curtis will present the newly revised "Sam'l of Posen," rewritten and dressed "up to date," at the Schiller Theatre for one week, commencing next Sunday evening, September 16. The play has been remodeled in many particulars, but all the good things which formerly caught the popular fancy are retained and many new ones added. Mr. Curtis has gotten away from the old "Sam'l of Posen" in his dressing. He is the drummer up to date. No more plaids and stripes, but the most stylish of clothes. Even his satchel is of the best alligator skin. The drummer of fourteen years ago has been relegated to the past, and the stylish one of today has taken his place in the person of "Sam'l Plastrick."

The "Ship of State," a patriotic American drama, founded on an interesting story of the time of the Revolutionary war with Great Britain, is being actively prepared for production at the Schiller Theatre, Sept. 30.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. J. Murphy," Indianapolis, Ind.—The Clanna-Gael Guards of Chicago are an independent military body, and are in no wise controlled by the State, as such.

The Fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the family medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's co-worker.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

For The Citizen.

LATTER DAY QUERIES.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Have the prophet preachers perished?
Is the age of heroes o'er?
Are the mists and cloudlets symbols
Of our dazzling dreams of yore,
Like grim shadows sweeping onward
To the voiceless never more?

Have we lost our Irish instincts,
And our nobler feelings too?
Piping on the reed of falsehood,
Scoffing at the good and true—
Trampling on the old Evangel,
In our worship of the new?

Shades of Tone, and Orr, and Emmet!
Have your doctrines run to seed?
Rotting in the fetid odors
Of a base ignoble creed;
Was your martyrdom a folly?
Was your virtue but a weed?

Well you taught, when Time was younger,
Gospel truths of liberty—
"Ireland, Ireland for the Irish
From the centre to the sea,
With the Green Flag floating proudly
O'er a people brave and free!"

Flunkey vices, scorched to ashes,
In a revolution's flame;
Saxon power stung and shattered
Not one red coat left to shame
Ireland's manhood with its stigma
Irish honor, Irish fame.

Fling yon pike-staff into Tophet,
Blood and iron had their day;
"Serfs should fight, or die for freedom!"
Brush such heresies away—
Peace is mightier than Bismarck,
So the parrot patriots say.

Hide the old Green Flag for ever,
Wail no more of Erin's woes,
Celt and Saxon, lamb and lion,
Are no longer deadly foes;
Let us wind the shamrock meekly
Round the petals of the rose.

Give us but a vestry chamber
In the halls of College Green,
And we'll rear a bust of Gladstone,
Where an Emmet's should have been,
And we'll bless St. George's banner,
And we'll glorify our queen.

Are there MEN among you, brothers,
Keen of brain, and strong of hand,
Who would raise our flagstaff upward
From the cesspool where 'tis banned,
Who would guide a helpless people,
And would save a stricken land?

Hath a toady's poison filtered
Through the marrow of each bone?
Hath a putrid harvest risen
From the seeds that we had sown?
Are our dearest hopes abandoned,
Are our dear dreams overthrown?

Then if so, the fight is over,
We are beaten to the knees,
Let us kiss Queen Wettin's purple,
Cushioned in ignoble ease;
While our flunkey fustian falleth
Like miasma on the breeze!

GEN. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"The sea sings in his booming swells; and all his pink and pearly shells sing of the sea."

He that God has set his mark upon cannot die; in the midst of heroes he lived, and shone as a brave and heroic gentleman. That spot upon earth where the emerald hue predominates—Ireland—has given to the world many, many brilliant minds, but none that deserves greater mention in this day than Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher.

In the dark and fateful hour when the liberty of man seemed sinking forever in the history of earth; when all that the words United States of America stood for was about to be blotted out from the page of freedom—he was in evidence, a hero of the hour; of him it can be written that he cast the heart of Bruce into the serried ranks of rebellion, and said: "Freedom for all men, go thou forward, and I will follow thee or die!" In every phase of life he was a character sans reproche, respected, loved by both men and women. The olden days, the days of titanic men, record the lives and action of leaders of men. In our time and day we know of Grant, the silent, battling for the inevitable; Lee, the brave, going down into the depth of disaster—both with great hearts; we know there is a chart that bears the names of all the heroes of the Union, and on that chart we see the name of Thomas Francis Meagher in golden characters.

As a soldier he was the bravest of the brave, as an orator he had no equal. If ever a man deserved a monument, he is that man. His life was a full one, he played his part well; but, alas, God's half acre knows him not; no grave contains his remains, no stone marks his resting-place. We say alas, but why should we? The greatest river of earth, the Missouri, is his monument; the living stream, from mountain peak to the gulf, ever says of him: here rests the gentleman and hero!

Men come and men go, but birth and death are as nothing: it is the part they play in the drama of life that inscribes their names on the scroll of history.

How the life of this man, soldier and gentleman as he was, like a candle all ablaze, was snuffed out has been a question. Many relations of the ending have been made, some true, but many wide of the mark.

It was the good fortune of the writer to have known the subject of this sketch, and journeyed with him from Helena, Montana, stopped with him at the Mission, and landed with him at Fort Benton on the day that was his last upon earth. Well I remember that in the hour preceding the catastrophe he was the life of the party, and how when good night and pleasant dreams were said he was the gayest of the assemblage. But what of the morning? The sun rose just as bright as ever, but over the lives of men there was a shroud of gloom, for one, and the chiefest of all, was as naught! In the darkest hour of night, in aberration of mind, he passed from his room on the steamer, and went down into the depths of the dark, rolling river.

The river never gave up the dead, and it is fitting, for while granite and marble may commemorate some men, yet what greater monument can be conceived for any man than the swiftly flowing river? From the great falls to the jettics the Missouri and Mississippi are ever murmuring in memory of the Irish soldier and gentleman, General Thomas Francis Meagher.

F. D. MACBETH.

IRELAND AND "THE LORDS."

[*Irish-American.*]

In view of the recent rejection by the house of lords of the Tenants Defence bill, the following list, with dates of their acts with regard to Ireland, will be read with both interest and profit. Most of the list is extracted from Mr. Barry O'Brien's valuable "Chronology of Ireland Since the Union" (see "Irish Wrongs and English Remedies." London: Keegan Paul & Co. 1887):

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

1805—Lord Grenville presents a Catholic petition for removal of disabilities. Petition rejected by 178 votes to 49.
1812 (April)—Motion for inquiry into Catholic claims rejected by 174 to 102.
1812 (May)—Canning's motion for inquiry carried in commons by 235 votes to 106. Similar motion lost in the lords.
1816—Resolution in favor of the Catholic claims rejected.
1819—Resolution in favor of the Catholic claims rejected by 147 votes to 106.
1821—Plunket's emancipation bill passed by the commons. Second reading by 254 to 243 votes. Third reading by 216 votes to 197. Rejected in the lords by 159 votes to 120.
1822—Canning's bill to allow Catholics to sit in the house of lords carried in commons by 235 votes to 225; rejected in lords by 171 votes to 129.
1825—Catholic relief bill passed by the commons; rejected by the lords.
1829—Emancipation passed—in fear of civil war!

TITHE REFORM—MUNICIPAL REFORM.

1830—Commencement of the tithe war.
1831—"Battles" of Newtown-Barry and Carrickshock.
1832—"Battles" of Wallstown and Rathkeeran.
1833—"Battle" of Kilmurry.
1834—"Battle" of Rathcormac.
1835—Peel defeated by the Irish vote. The second Melbourne administration. Drummond refuses the police to the tithe proctors.
Tithe commutation and appropriation bill passed by the commons; rejected by the lords.
Municipal reform bill passed without a division by the commons; rejected by the lords.
1836—Tithe commutation and appropriation bill passed by the commons; rejected by the lords.
Municipal reform bill passed by the commons, 260 votes to 199; rejected by the lords, 203 votes to 119.
1837—Municipal reform bill passed by the commons; rejected by the lords.
1838—Tithe Commutation act passed, the lords forcing the ministry to abandon the clause appropriating the surplus revenue of the Irish Church to Irish education.
Municipal reform bill passed by the commons; rejected by the lords.
1839—Do, do, do.
1840—Municipal Reform act passed; but the lords assist Peel in disfranchising 58 corporations out of 68, and giving a restricted franchise to the rest.

LAND REFORM—DISESTABLISHMENT.

1829—Mr. Brownlow's bill for reclamation of waste lands passed by the commons; dropped by the lords.
1845—Lord Stanley's bill, securing tenants compensation for their prospective improvements, rejected by the lords.
1853—The Napier land code, securing tenants their improvements retrospective and prospective, passes the commons; postponed in the lords.
1858—The Napier code referred to a select committee of the lords: when "the tenants' compensation bill" is condemned by the committee and abandoned.
1868—Mr. Gladstone's bill, suspending appointments in the established church, passed by the commons, rejected in the lords by 192 votes to 97. General election—lords condemned.
1870—Mr. Gladstone's Land act mutilated.
1880—Mr. Forster's compensation for disturbance bill rejected by a large majority.
1881—Mr. Gladstone's Land act mutilated.
1893—Rejection of the home rule bill.
1894—Evicted Tenants Relief bill rejected.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

This curious piece setting forth the "geasa agus buadha," the prohibitions and prerogatives of the kings of Ireland was composed in the beginning of the eleventh century. The author, Cuan O'Lochain, was chief poet to Maelseachlainn (Malachy) II, monarch of Ireland, who died in 1022. After the death of this monarch there was an interregnum of twenty years, and we are informed that Cuan O'Lochain and Coreran Cleireach were appointed governors of Ireland; but Cuan did not long enjoy this dignity, for he was slain in Teabhtha (Tefila), A.D. 1024.

Whether the customs and popular beliefs or superstitions recorded in this poem had ever been drawn up into a code before O'Lochain's time, it would now be difficult to determine; but we find a collection of the kind in the concluding piece of Leabhar na g-Ceart where some of the prohibitions are identical with O'Lochain's. Many of these matters are clearly of Pagan origin, and the reference to the king of Leinster drinking by the light of wax candles in the palace of Dinn Riogh shows that the poet considered some of these customs as in existence from the most remote period of Irish history, as the kings of Leinster had not resided at Dinn Riogh since the introduction of Christianity, for they deserted it for Nas (Naas) at a very remote period. The prohibition "that the sun should not find him in his couch at Teamhair," has also reference to a period many centuries anterior to O'Lochain's time; for the monarchs of Ireland had not resided at Teamhair or Tara since about the year 566, when it was cursed by St. Ruadhan, or Rodanus, of Lothra (Lorrha). From these facts it is quite obvious that some of those customs were regarded by the poet as derived from the most remote periods, and that the observance of them in his own time was reckoned absolutely necessary to the welfare of the monarch and the provincial kings.

There is little in Irish history to guide us to the origin of many of the curious restrictions here recorded; but it is quite obvious that some of them have arisen from precaution or the recollection of mischances. The origin of the *adha* or *buadha* may be similarly accounted for.

Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Eirian.

Geasa agus urgarta rig Erend agus rig na cuicead anuso sis.

Seacht n-urgarta rig h-Erind andso .i.

Tureball greni fair ina loigi i Muigh Teamrach; turlaim Cheataine i Muig Breag; imtheacht Muigi Cuillind iar fuinead n-grene; slaidhi a each i Fan-chomair; teacht Dia Mairt for Teathfa thuaiscert; broineach for beathra in Luan iar m-Bealltaine; slicht slaug for Ath Maighne (in Mairt) iar Samuin.

A sheacht m-buadha:

Isse Boindi (da tomailt); fiad Luibnighi; meas Manand; fraechmeas Brig Leithi; biror Brosnaidi; uisce thobair Thiachtga; milradh Naisi: h-i Calaind August do roithdis sin uill do rig Teamrach. An bliadain i temlead indsin ni thelgead i n-airsam shaegail do agus is riam no molgead ar each leath.

Coic urgarta rig Laigean annso .i.

Tairmchell Cetaine for Tuaith Laigean for tuaithbeal; coditir Dothra agus Duiblind agus a cheand for a leath bragaid; forbhaisi nae trath for muighib Cualand; imtheacht Luain tar bealach n-Duibindi; each salach seiread dhub fai tar Mag Maistean.

Ateat a ada imorro:

Meas Almaine; fiad Glindi Searraigh; ol fri coindlib ciartha i n-Dind-Righ os Bearba; cuirm Chualand; cluichi Carman.

Coic urgarta rig Muman:

Airreacht ria feis Lacha Lein do chaithim on Luan co roili: feis aidhchi foilce Foghamhair ria n-Geim il-Leitrechaibh; forbais nae trath for Siuir; dal coiccrichais im Gabran; osnadh ban Muighi Feimin go n-dochraidi do esteacht do.

A chuic buadha .i.

Crodh Cruachnai la gairm chuach; loscadh Laigean thuathghabair; coigeadal chesta corgais i Caisil; imtheacht Sleibhi Cua caeca iar sid descert Erend; teacht co sluagh Iethodar dia Mairt tar Magh n-Ailbe.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

(Translation.)

The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire.

The restrictions and prerogatives of the King of Eire (Ireland) and of the kings of the provinces* down here.

The seven "urgharta" (prohibitions) of the King of Eire, i.e.:

The sun to rise upon him on his bed in Magh Teamrach; to alight on Wednesday in Magh Breagh; to traverse Magh Cuillinn after sunset; to incite his horse at Fan-chomair; to go on Tuesday against north Teabhtha (Teffia); to go in a ship on the water the Monday after Bealtaine (May-day); (to leave) the track of his army upon Ath Maighne the Thesday after Samhain (All-Hallows).

His seven "buadha" (prerogatives):

The fish of the Boinn (Boyne) to eat; the deer of Luibneach; the fruit of Manann (Mann; the heath-fruit of Brigh Leithe; the cresses of the Brosnach; the water of Tiachtgha; the venison of Nas (Naas). On the calends of August all these things reached the king of Teamhair (Tara). The year in which he used to eat of these was not reckoned as life spent, and he was wont to rout his enemies before him on every side.

The five prohibitions of the king of Laighin (Leinster) here, viz:

To go round Tuath Laighean left hand-wise† on Wednesday; to sleep between the Dothair (Dodder) and the Duibhlinn, with his head inclining to one side; to encamp for nine days on the plains of Cualann; to travel the road of Duibhlinn on Monday; to ride on a dirty black-heeled-horse across Magh Maistean.

These are his "adha" prerogatives, viz:

The fruit of Almhain; the deer of Gleann Searraigh; to drink with wax candles at Dinn Riogh over the Bearbha (Barrow); the ale of Cualann; the games of Carman.

The five prohibitions of the king of Mumha (Munster).

To remain to enjoy the feast of Loch Lein from one Monday to another; to feast by night in the beginning of harvest, before Geim‡; at Leitreacha; to encamp for nine days upon the Siuir; to hold a border meeting at Gabhran: to listen to the groans of the women of Magh Feimin when suffering violation.

His five prerogatives, i.e.:

The cattle of Cruachan at the singing of the cuckoo; to burn north Laighlin (Leinster); to keep the obligation of Lent at Caiseal (Cashel); to pass over Sliabh Cua with [a band of] fifty after pacifying the south of Eire; to go with a greyish host on Tuesday over Magh Ailbhe.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Of the Provinces—cuiceadh. This word literally means a fifth part, but it came to denote a province in Ireland from the fact that that kingdom was anciently divided into five great divisions. Now only four provinces are recognized and still "cuig cuigeadh na h-Eireann" is a common expression to denote all Ireland.

†*Left-hand-wise*—tuaithbheal. In the *Leabhar Breac* the word tuaithbheal is used as follows: Cair is siar boi aiged Crist in a croich .i. fris in cathraigh Ierusalem, agus is sair boi aiged Longini agus in ni ro pu tuathbheil dosum is sedb on bo dess do Crist, i.e. "For it is westwards Christ's face was (turned) on his cross, i.e. towards the city of Jerusalem; and it is eastwards Longinus' face was (turned), and what was "tuathbheil" (*sinistrorsum*) to him was "dess" (*dextrorsum*) to Christ."

‡*Geim.* A part of the year among the ancient Irish comprising seven months. *Geimhreadh*, winter.

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THE GREEN FLAG.

Lines on Seeing the Banner of Green Borne at the Celebration of Independence Day in America.

BY JOHN C. O'NEILL.

I stood in New York city
On Independence Day,
An exile from old Ireland,
Three thousand miles away,
And watched the marching thousands
Beneath the Stripes and Stars,
And thought on Ireland's bravest sons
Behind strong prison bars.

Soft strains of martial music
Came floating on the air,
The sun shone bright above me,
The scene was grand and fair;
A thousand banners waving
Led on the marching throng,
And peals of joyous laughter
Rolled merrily along.

Oh! these were Freedom's children
Enjoying freedom's bliss,
Fanned by a flag that never felt
The dread informer's kiss,
And veterans marched proudly,
The banner of the free
Flung high and wide its starry folds
O'er Columbia's chivalry.

The veterans of a nation,
In warlike pomp and pride,
Men who on many a battlefield
Fought bravely side by side,
Now nobly led the vanguard
In freedom's grand parade,
And prayed for the gallant Irish hearts
That in Maryland mold were laid.

I looked for Erin's banner
As the standards floated by;
'Twas close beside the flag of France,
I could scarce repress a sigh
As I gazed upon the wolfdog
And the harp without a crown;
Alas, that cursed treachery
Could pull a nation down.

The noble flag was drooping,
And the wolfdog hung his head,
And every hole in its tattered folds
Told the tale of a hero dead,
Who fell neath the old green banner,
When it waved in martial pride,
And the crownless harp seemed to sing of him
Who for Ireland's glory died.

The flashing green was faded,
And its folds wore a gory hue,
For it bore the brunt at Marye's Hill,
When the gallant boys in blue,
Led on by Irish leaders,
Rushed up to the fierce attack,
When the scorching rain of Southern hail
Failed to drive the Irish back.

As I gazed on that tattered banner,
Rent and torn by shot and shell,
My thoughts went back to the dear old land,
And the gallant men who fell
Fighting against the Saxon
For the cause of liberty,
And I prayed for the souls for the men who died
To set old Ireland free.

I prayed for the great Lord Edward,
And my heart gave a troubled moan,
As I thought on the grave in Bodenstown,
And the fate of the gallant Tone,
I prayed for the brave departed,
In death now cold and still,
And I blessed the men who raised the flag
On the crest of Oulart Hill.

But the trumpet's peal grew louder,
And the war drum's martial roll,
Sent the fire of independence
Burning through my soul,
And I sighed for the day of battle,
That I might lend a hand
To raise above the English red
The flag of Ireland.

—*Carlow Vindicator.*

OBITUARY.

MARY FINN DWYER.

Last Thursday, September 6, the body of the late Mrs. Mary Finn Dwyer was taken from the vault by loving hands and placed in a grave in Calvary cemetery.

Mrs. Dwyer died at the family residence, 370 Orchard street, August 27, at the age of 77 years, after being ill only two weeks. She was born in Tipperary, Ireland, and when a girl in her teens she came to America, locating in Montreal, Canada. Then she was married to Mr. Andrew Dwyer fifty-two years ago. After a short stay in Canada the family moved to York state, from which place they drifted West, having resided in Chicago nearly thirty years.

Mrs. Dwyer was one of those pious women thoroughly wrapped up in her home, her church, and her children; her living children being John K. and James P. Dwyer, and Mrs. James P. O'Connor. They are silent witnesses to her many heroic sacrifices performed in their behalf. Those who were close to her, who daily observed the side lights of her every action, can bear testimony to what a noble, sweet character of woman she was. May she rest in peace!

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

"ENGLISH FAIR-PLAY" AND ITS ADVOCATES.

"We cannot too promptly and finally conclude that English standards are not our own—of morals, as well as of sports, of cookery, as well as society, of political principles, as well as personal honor and dignity. We have beaten them at every point—save only the college athletics—since the surrender of Cornwallis, and they never can forgive Americans for being cleverer and stronger and richer and manlier than themselves. They have no more genuine idea of fair play than a mob of Orientals looting the premises of an American missionary, and American sporting missionaries may as well stop trying to convert the British. As a witty Frenchman once said of them, they are 'without a sauce, without a soup, without a soul and even without polite manners.'"

The above is taken from the New York *Daily Press* which is edited by Hon. Robert P. Porter, who is one of the ablest, manliest men in America and his paper is in the forefront of the defenders of American labor, American ideas, and American dignity at home and abroad. How any American can be cajoled into believing in the baseless myth of English "Fairplay" is one of the unexplained mysteries of the day. True, there is a puny, brainless set of creatures of doubtful sex whose fathers accumulated wealth by various doubtful and slimy methods, and left that wealth to their progeny who are now squandering it in debauchery and excess of every kind. These pro-British dudes and dudelets are the believers in the superiority of everything which is hostile to the country which has the misfortune of being their native land. These are the puny microbes who are continually prating about English fair-play. Prominent among these is the modern Benedict Arnold, W. W. Astor, who, in return for his expenditure of a million in purchasing a newspaper has been elevated to the high and mighty position of a J.P. This denationalized Pariah draws his enormous wealth from the poor inhabitants of the pestilential tenement houses of New York, he never earned an honest dollar in his life, and never knew how to do so. Scott was a prophet as well as a poet when he wrote:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
"This is my own—my native land,"
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he has turned
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as earth can claim,
Despite his riches, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To that vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Probably when this was written there was no creature living to whom it could apply, and that it remained for America (oh, the shame of it!) to produce "the wretch concentred all in self," to show a disgusted world how low a Godless, countryless spaniel could become. I can fancy some use for a coyote, a rattlesnake or a mosquito, but I can find no use on earth or the waters under the earth for an Astor. I ask your pardon for soiling the columns of THE CITIZEN with the name of the noisome thing.

English fair play *inagh*. During the dark days of the Revolution they let loose the red devils of the forest upon the unprotected homes on our northern frontiers, to perpetrate crimes so horrible that they cannot even be named; they offered rewards for scalps torn from the heads of American women and children, and those scalps are still preserved in that English Inferno, the Tower of London, as trophies of war. In the war of 1812 they acted like the criminal incendiaries they were, burning, pillaging, and destroying, sparing not the capital of the nation, in which they indulged in drunken orgies which would have brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of their Indian allies. And in our own days they violated the most sacred principles of international law, gave aid and comfort to the rebels when they were making hypocritical professions of friendship for their "American cousins," and now they are practicing the lowest tricks of gamblers and blacklegs to defeat the yacht Vigilant, whose silly owner brought her across the sea, trusting to English fair play. The truest lines that ever were written are these:

He who does the Saxon trust and would not be betrayed
Must always have his stalwart hand on his ready blade.

A. L. MORRISON.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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The magnificent Whaleback steamer, Christopher Columbus, makes daily trips to Milwaukee and return. Fare for the round trip $1. Steamer leaves pier foot of Randolph street on Sunday at 10 a.m.; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 9:30 a.m.; Saturday (for accommodation half holiday), 1:30 p.m.

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MARTHA B.

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. September Term A. D. 1894. Ove Gedde vs Burt P. Gates and Alois C. Gates. In Chancery No. 160,036.

Notice is hereby given to the said Burt P. Gates and Alois C. Gates that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said cause in the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of September A. D. 1894, as is by law required and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Compl'ts Sol'rs.

CASTE.

A violet once in a garden grew
At the foot of a sunflower bold,
And he fell in love with her eyes of blue,
She with his crown of gold.

But he never could stoop to tell his love,
Though again and again he tried,
And her voice could not reach to the heights above—
Thus they yearned for each other and died.

—I. K. Friedman in Kate Field's Washington.

A SEAMAN'S STORY.

The sloop-of-war Mooseilauke stood off Gonave.

The sun's gold disk had disappeared, and the sweet melancholy of a southern twilight lay upon the island, whose profile, darkly outlined against the saffron hued sky, was set in an amethyst frame, the deep and luminous violet of the sea. Briefly, the tropic twilight is short. Its silhouette hung there between the two immensities of sky and sea. Then the jewel colors of wave and cloud and wood draped island vanished. A velvety blackness covered all. One by one the stars appeared not in their midnight glory, but tremulous tiny points, dim as rushlights swept by the wind.

On the island the trees were alight with fireflies. These, too, flickered faintly, as though uncertain of their power to shine. In the half light the great ship's sails, purpled by shadows, took fantastic shapes, but very soon the moon leaned out of a cloud and cleared up the mystery. The sky overflowed with light. A silver ship sailed a silver sea. Twilight's dusky veil had been drawn aside by the fingers of night.

On the spar deck of the Mooseilauke Seamen Bill Williams and Sam Woods, Apprentice Stubbs and the Jack of the Dust were matching experiences. Moved, it may be, by the mysterious influence of moonlight, these men of discipline spoke freely of love. A naval "Decameron" might have been taken down from their lips. The boatswain's mate listened without commenting. Old Slater commented without listening. From time to time he left his messmates to lean over the rail. Fixing his eyes on Gonave with that interest which we give to something which marks an event in our lives, he wagged his head so knowingly that Stubbs and Dusty—men of one poem, so to speak—were visibly envious. At length the old seaman took his place among them. He began at once to speak:

"Hev I ever tol ye of'n adventure me an the exec'tive hed on thet ther' islan?"

"Give us the first line, Mr. Slater, and we'll tell you," replied the Jack of the Dust jauntily.

"Ketch a-hol o' yerself, Dusty," recommended old Slater. "Et ain't no comic piece. Et's 'bout a gal—a little bit of er gal—yaller's gol."

The Jack of the Dust's expression changed. He had but just begun the study of the "eternal feminine," and his desire for phenomena was still unsatisfied.

"Fire away," he said cordially. "I guess it's a good one this time."

"Do you mean the Mooseilauke's first luff?" questioned Stubbs.

"Ther same," old Slater replied.

"That porpoise!" exclaimed the Jack of the Dust.

"He wuzn't no porpoise, then, lad," said the story teller. "They called 'im ther 'dandy ensign'—he wuz Ensign Fitz in them days—an 'Gentleman Jack' an 'Han'some Jack,' an he wuz purty near all thet, fer he wuz clear pink'n white. He hedn't no airs, an he wuz plucky as the nex' one. I couldn't never 'count fer 'im." Old Slater lowered his voice. "I couldn't 'count fer 'im in enny way, 'xcept thet ther Lord had a han at 'im 'fore they ketched 'im at Annapolis. I ain't sayin but what he wuz oureliable's they make 'em ennywhere, but me an 'im wuz great frien's—better'n we be now—fer time he's took offen me an put on ter him. Me an him hed been on ther Bender two year, an one cruise in these ere waters the skipper—no sailor man't all he wuzn't—took et inter his blame ole head ter come up here from Port o' Prince, whar we wuz havin more fun than nuff, fer gun practice. No matter 'bout what we done. Though I rec'lec' our divis'n cap'n got'n eye blowed out an seed more'n ever after thet, et havin quick'ned his 'magination. One mornin Fitz he come ter me an sez, 'I've got ter get out er this.'

"'I'm goin 'shore shootin,' sez he. 'Git leave an come 'long, Slater. Mebbe we'll strike sumthin.'

"I knowed he wanted me ter pull the boat, so I got leave an we went 'shore an shot wil roun thar erwhile; then he got nuff an propos'd er bite of the rations I'd fetched. I set 'em out under a big coco palm, an Fitzy he got confidential over mess an begun ter talk 'bout the creole gal he'd got 'quainted with in Port o' Prince."

"What was she like, Mr. Slator?" inquired the Jack of the Dust eagerly.

"Like 'em all," old Slater replied grimly. "But thet ain't nuther here nor thar. As I wuz a-sayin, Fitz he sed he loved 'er 'madly' an a lot more thet I knowed by heart, fer he loved easy an of'en in them days an swore he'd make 'er Mrs. Fitz ef he had ter give up his fambly, his mother havin given 'im warnin thet she wouldn't hev no furrin graft on ter the Fitz tree. While he wuz a-ravin we hearn sumthin an looked roun. Thar she stood!"

"The creole?" interrupted the Jack of the Dust.

"No, the yaller gal," old Slater answered, "lookin like er leetle gol statyure in er garden, with all ther green stuff back on her, she was jes' so slim an still. I reck'n she wuz 'bout twel' year ole."

"A kid!" exclaimed the Jack of the Dust.

"Don't ye go a-jumpin, Dusty," said old Slater. "She wuz out er the nu'-s'ry."

"They ripen early in these 'ere lat'-tudes, Dusty. They don't hev nuthin ter keep 'em back, which ever edication will an too many strings roun ther wais'," Bill Williams remarked, with the air of a reformer.

"An they ripen—all roun. They don't stay green on one side till they're 30 an then dry up," growled Sam Woods.

Bill Williams nodded understandingly. "Thet's New Englan, Sammy," said he.

"But the little golden girl?" ventured Stubbs.

Old Slater continued:

"Fitz jumped up when he see her an motions fer ter come an hev a bite, an 'long she steps, easy'n light's a kitten, an se' down side o' him. She couldn't never hev seed no sech rations, but she wuzn't took back. She eats nat'ral's a bird picks up crumbs. Thet, my lads"—with a glance at the apprentice and the Jack of the Dust—"thet wuz 'cause she wuz thurerbred—they shows their grain fust off. Don't fergit thet when ye're lookin fer somethin ter 'dorn yer homes."

"I ain't looking for savages," returned the Jack of the Dust. "I like a woman with some style, that has seen something of the world and knows her way about better than to mess with two strange men in the jungle."

"Dusty, he wants some Arybeller, with a book o' et'quet under 'er arm an a par'solet over 'er head," drawled Bill Williams.

"Thet ain't far from New Englan," muttered Sam Woods.

"Le' me tell ye, Dusty," said old Slater gravely, "a gal's got ter be equil ter the occasion whether ye find 'er in ther jungle or on ther Bow'ry. Ef she hain't got ther knack fer thet, she ain't got nothin ter build on."

"I ain't asking anybody for points!" blazed the Jack of the Dust.

"Hush up!" said Stubbs.

Silence being assured, the old seaman resumed his narrative:

"Fitz he begun ter talk ter her in creole. Et hit ther mark, but she hedn't much ter say. She'd never seed nuthin like 'im an wuz all carried 'way with 'is pink'n white. So thar she sot, her great big black eyes full o' witch looks, a-listenin to 'is talk an answerin up sof's er leetle bird peeps when he asked her sumthin d'rect. 'Twuz plan nuff ter me thet she wuz clean gone on 'm, so I went ter sleep. Thar ain't no bigger blunder, Dusty, than fer er man ter keep 'wake when thar ain't gals nuff ter go roun. He ain't goin ter be pop'lar in any s'ciety ef he makes thet slip."

"Much obliged, but I've got way ahead of a-b ab," the Jack of the Dust said, with fine irony.

Old Slater continued calmly:

"When I woke up, they wuz out o' sight o' land. Mimi, thet wuz her name, wuz a'callin of Fitz 'Doudoux' ev'ry other word, an he wuz burstin with pride an vanity."

"They don't set up prim in these 'ere parts an freeze er man's words on ter his lips," Sam Woods said pensively. "Waal, I wuz equil to et," said old Slater without noticing this interruption. "I hedn't ben ten year on ther flagship fer nuthin. I hed dyplom'cy nuff fer'n adm'ral an kep' my eyes a-rovin an listened to Fitz makin of himself out ther hero o' combats he'd never ben in without blinkin. But when ther bats began ter sweep roun over'ead in er percession I knowed nuff ter know we b'longed on ther Bender, an I calls Fitz down an gits a move on 'im. Mimi wa'n't fer sayin goodby, an she trots 'long with us ter ther shore, an when he sed he'd love 'er alwus an promised ter come the nex' day an stay forever she let 'im git inter the gig. She stood thar a-watchin after 'im. I kin see 'er yit—leetle slim gal, her blue cotton gowns, belayed at ther waist with er green an yaller string, half coverin of 'er, a-callin, 'Adieu, Doudoux, adieu!' in a voice sof's velvit—jes' ther sperit o' the islan. 'Slater,' sez Fitz, when we wuz clear o' moorin's, 'et's a great ole world!' Then he waits erwhile an sez—he wuz smilin free, like a lad—'Why, thet leetle gal's ther light o' my life!'"

"What about the creole lady?" questioned the Jack of the Dust. "Your 'dandy ensign' didn't need transfer papers for his affections, did he?"

"I entered right inter et," continued old Slater, slightly raising his voice, "an I let 'im say the same thing a hundred diff'rent ways till we wuz 'longside the Bender. Then, sez he, 'I'll see 'er termorrow, Slater.'

"But we didn't get off so easy. Ther skipper hed ther dyspepsy the nex' day. Thar wuzn't no liberty fer ennybody, an he wuz sorry he couldn't stop the sun from shinin. He kep' this up fer his 'musement till ther end o' ther week. Fitz, he wuz blame near crazy, an I sez, 'Try 'em on goin 'shore fer butterflies.'

"Et went, fer he wus knowed ter be a great etymol'gist in them days, an we got off. Then, Fitz, he took et outen me. 'He wuz goin ter marry thet leetle gal ef he had ter quit ther service an live under a cabbage palm ther rest o' his life. She wuz wuth et.' He named er king thet married whar he wanted ter an wuzn't never sorry, but he didn't mention no ev'ryday man thet had the samo tu'n o' luck. He sed she wuz er match fer enny duchess, an I reck'n 'twuz so, ther only duchess I ever see bein yaller's er saffron bag, an ole at thet. Yes, she wuz ther mos' perfec' leetle gal in ther worl, an he wuz goin ter hov 'er, an prej'dice might go ter thunder. 'I tell ye what, Slater,' sez he, 'I'll give out she's er princess. They'll knuckle ter thet.'

"I wuz so dead set 'g'inst thet creole an 'er airs thet I 'greed with 'im. 'Thet's so,' sez I. 'Ther gal's got ther royal grain an no mistake.'

"Waal, Mimi she wuz on ther shore, an when he see her he wuz up on 'is feet. 'Don't git ter sleep, Slater,' sez he. 'She's waitin, man. Can't ye see?' He wuz out 'fore ther gig wuz in, an when I made things fas' I follered on. They wuz in ther same place under ther coco palm, an Mimi wuz restin 'g'inst Fitz's light's er slip o' willer. I ain't ever see enythin ter equil ther grace o' them leetle slim niggers. Runnin water ain't smoother nor purtier'n their ways o' movin, an jist surroundin ther man they love"——

Sam Woods interrupted, "They don't tie up their feelin's an make er man feel like he wuz er fool when he lets go o' his'n an hedn't never see er woman 'fore."

Old Slater laughed. "I'll give ye ther deck now, Sammy, ef ye say so," said he.

"Go 'head," growled Sam Woods.

"Waal, I lef' Fitz an Mimi an struck out fer butterflies. After erwhile I ketched er big black feller, an thet wuz all I wanted fer er blin, one bein as misleadin's er dozen, an nuff sight easier ter ketch. Then I started back to ther 'rig'nal spot, an I'd better never hev lef' et. Thar sot them two, Mimi makin no 'bjection ter Fitz's arm snug roun her wais', an, a-wrigglin toward 'em, on ther ends o' his toes, wuz as ugly favored er knave as I ever see. They wuz sittin with their back to him an me, an in er flash I knowed he didn't like what he see; thet he wuz Mimi's comp'ny—fathers'n brothers ain't interferin in love fairs in these parts—an thet somebuddy'd got ter pay fer 'is losin of 'er. I give er jump for'ard an sung out. Fitz an Mimi sprung up an faced roun. Then he turned an see me an knowed he wuzn't goin ter stand enny show with us two men. I wuz near par'lyzed by ther look on 'is face, but 'twuzn't enythin ter Mimi's—hate, sech as white wimmen don't feel, wuz ragin thar. Et told 'im better'n words thet he'd lose his grip on 'er, an ther nigger wuz nuff like er white man ter be bound thet nobuddy else shouldn't hev et. They glared er minnit, mebbe, then what do you think she done?"

"Screeched, of course," said the Jack of the Dust without hesitating.

"Ye lubber!" said old Slater. "Only white ones screeches an squeals."

"Them's New Englan antics," Sam Woods said, with a sneer.

"What did she do?" questioned Stubbs.

"I ain't sayin but what ther everlastin woman wuz in et," old Slater said. "She kinder straightened up fust, then clasped Fitz, a-callin of 'im er lot o' sweet creole names—never did them mongrel lispins soun sweeter! Then quicker'n I kin tell et a blade flashed in thet nigger's han, an whiz et went hissin through ther hot air.

"I turned sick, fer I 'lowed Fitz wuz er goner, but now I know thet she wuz expectin of et an wuz willin ter pay ther price, like ther thurerbred she wuz, fer she faced roun suddint jes' in front o' Fitz, her two arms stretched wide ter shield 'im, an ketched thet knife on 'er poor little breas' bone."

"Good enough!" said the Jack of the Dust, with hearty if tardy appreciation.

"I'd done er blame'd sight too much lookin on," continued old Slater, "but I soon put ther 'sassin whar he b'longed. Fitz, as white's er ghost, wuz a-holdin Mimi. Her blood wuz pourin, an suthin like er curt'in wuz creepin over 'er eyes, shuttin out ther light. She tried ter smile. She wuz er princess, sure pop, an I reck'n, too, she wuz satisfied ter know she'd never hev ter knuckle down ter thet nigger man. 'Doudoux,' sez she, 'adieu.' Them wus all the words she spoke, an no young bird never piped 'good night' enny softer an sweeter. Then she tried ter put up 'er arms. But 'twuzn't in 'em—poor leetle arms—they dropped, an she wuz gone!"

"Dead!" gasped Stubbs.

"Thet's er good name for et in enny lat'tude," replied old Slater dryly. He continued in a softer tone: "Fitz lay Mimi down like as ef she wuz er babby, an him an me kinder straightened öf er out. I couldn't help wonderin ef she hed er mammy to moan over 'er leetle spent life. We lef' thet nigger whar he fell an went 'way without er word. Thet night ther Bender hauled up 'er anchor, an we went down ter Port o' Prince."

Stubbs sighed.

"Whar thet creole begun whar she'd lef' off," added old Slater savagely.

"How could he? Do you mean that he forgot Mimi?" cried Stubbs.

"Don't ye go ter gittin 'sof',' Stubby," said old Slater. "A man thet's goin ter 'mount ter shucks in ther service kin forgit ennything!"

"But when she died for him!" persisted Stubbs.

"She didn't feel et none ter speak on," old Slater said, with conviction. "Wimmen are made so's they kin die easy fer ther men they love."

"Don' git 'xcited, lad," advised Bill Williams. "Yet ain't got nuthin ter do with et. Ther Lord he made em ter fill their places."

Old Slater was seemingly searching some chamber of his memory. At length he said:

"White ones mebbe dies a leetle harder, an they ain't quite so likely ter do et, but color don't make no great diff'rence."

"White ones feel—and die!"

It was the boatswain's mate, and he spoke in a voice which forbade contradiction. "She"— But his voice broke. He paused on that word, staid by thoughts too bitter to express. He walked away without looking at his companions.

"Well, much obliged, Mr. Slater," said the Jack of the Dust. "She was a Jim Dandy and no mistake."

He, too, walked away, followed by Stubbs. Old Slater looked after the apprentice. "Humph!" said he, with a short laugh. "Thet lad's heart aches, an he dunno why. Thet's youth. But when I think o' his shuttin of hisself up roun the mem'ry of a woman"——

He became suddenly silent, but his messmates knew that he meant the boatswain's mate and that words had failed him.

Sam Woods, the man of a rankling reminiscence of New England, began distinctly, "Thet's common naff"— But he completed his sentence mentally, and they never knew what he had intended to say.

"Slater," said Bill Williams under his breath, "wuzn't et wuth er straight story ter git thet out er them blame ole shellbacks?"

"Et wus," replied the old seaman emphatically.—Lucille Lovell in Short Stories.

A CURIOUS CALLING.

Sweeping For Lost Anchors In the Bottom of Vineyard Sound.

Sweeping for lost anchors is one of the curious and remunerative trades of Martha's Vineyard sailormen.

When a likely spot is reached, the sweeping line is made ready. It is small, about the size and strength of a whaleboat's towline. In its middle two weights are bent about 10 feet apart. One end of the line is fastened to the stern of the schooner, while the other is taken into the boat. Three men step into the boat and row some distance away from the schooner. Then they range the boat so she will drift with the tide with the weighted sweepline on bottom. Schooner and boat proceed at equal speed, and the line between the weights drags on the sand ready to catch on any projection, be it anchor, wreck or rock.

The man in the stern of the boat handles the sweep most gingerly. He is ever on an obstruction. Sometimes a mile of water will be swept before the line brings up. Then comes a sudden yank, and all hands are on the qui vive. The boat signals the schooner to stop, and the vessel is brought into the wind so as to lie practically motionless. The crew of the boat back on the oars, while the man in the stern slowly hauls in the sweepline, being very careful not to dislodge it. Foot by foot it comes into the boat, as that frail craft gradually draws near the schooner. Then one of the weights comes to the surface, and a few seconds later the sweep between the sinkers is examined for traces of rust. If the line exhibits the reddish tinge, the sweepers are confident that an anchor has been caught. The utmost care is exercised so as not to dislodge the line from the fluke or stock of the anchor, for if that accident occurs the laborious work must be repeated.

The men in the schooner have at hand a chain or heavy rope, in one end of which is a thimble or eye. The other or free end is bent to the sweepline and then carefully pulled down to the obstruction, under or around it and to the surface by the boat's crew. When this work is performed, a chain occupies a position formerly held by the sweep. The free end of the chain having been passed through the eye at its other end, a sort of slipnoose or running bight is thus formed. The noose is worked down to the anchor, and when the sweepers are reasonably sure it has fallen to the proper position strain is brought to bear on it, and an effort is made to raise the anchor to the surface.

If the anchor weighs 60,000 pounds, it is a difficult matter to break it out of the sand, but by dint of backing and filling the schooner this is usually accomplished, and the ungainly mud hook is raised to the surface and got aboard by means of purchases.

If the anchor is in good condition, it can be sold, according to the iron market, at varying prices. There are today a hundred tons of anchors thus secured by Vineyard Haven sweepers that should bring 3 cents per pound.—Boston Herald.

"Once Upon a Time."

The dark continent is now nothing like its name. We know it almost from end to end and side to side, along each of its lines of longitude and parallels of latitude. True, Rider Haggard has civilly tried to cheer us back into the old paths of eerie belief, but though he does well in the matter and gives us momentary thrills he fails to convince us. His thousand year old queens and cavernous treasure chambers are exceedingly welcome, yet when we get to the word "Finis" it is all up with fancy. We shut the book, exclaim, "Pretty good for a lie!" and resume our unromantic work at so much an hour or so much a year, fundamentally unconsoled, though the romancer has romanced ever so closely to nature's lines.

As for commonplace, "Once upon a time," we laugh it out of court. The tale that presumes to come before us marked across the brow with the words, "I'm a pleasing but wholly improbable story," may be good enough for our children in knickerbockers and short frocks, but it won't do for us. We demand subtle stories of living and moving individuals, and every action and gesture of the persons on the pages must ring and feel true and thoroughly rational ere the book as a whole can be praised.—All the Year Round.

Married Curates.

Marriage seems a great failure in the case of curates. One of them writes of the sad lot of his class as follows: "When vicars in charge of fashionable suburban parishes insist on having only young and unmarried curates, it may, in the opinion of mere worldly men, be very nice for the girls, but is it very good for the church? Why do married vicars invariably advertise for unmarried curates? Are their own marriages all failures? My case is a common one. I am a curate and want work. But I am too old, being no less than 37 years old, and I am married, so of course must stand aside. That I have enough income to live on is lucky for me, but does not alter the case. My father served as a curate nearly all his life, and I thought I might at least be permitted to do the same, but the action of the bishops in ordaining men wholesale during the last 25 years has enabled the majority of vicars to reject all who, like myself, are old or married, and so we are left in the sad position of your humble servant, who signs himself 'Out of Work.'"—London Telegraph.

Why He Laughed.

The leader Damrosch once took an aged Hebrew friend to hear Meyerbeer's opera of "The Huguenots." Suddenly the old man burst into a loud guffaw, as if some funny idea had struck him. "Why do you laugh?" inquired Damrosch. "Laugh! It's de beth game I ever thaw. Vy, dare's a bloomin lot o' Protesthanth an Catholicth a-killin of each other to music written by a Jew. Ha! ha! I'll come every night."

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HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

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OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

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OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
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"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE. PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

MUST SAVE THEMSELVES.

How the Interests of the Workers Are Slighted or Trampled Upon.

Dr. Bernard Holmes of All Souls' Unitarian church, Chicago, preached a sermon recently on the labor question which was full of good things. He took the ground that the laboring element, constituting seven-eighths of the entire population, was the least considered in legislation, and that it had no hope of ameliorating its condition except by its own efforts. He said:

"Men of education and culture are not interested in the toilers, men of wealth pay no regard to them, jurists and legislators are concerned with every other interest but that of the laborers, and there is less hope of help from the organized churches than from any other section of the community. Fully three-fourths of the exploiters of labor are either church members or else closely associated with the churches, whereas not more than one-quarter of the men who live by their labor are in the habit of attending any church."

As to whether the laboring classes were not as well off as possible at the present time and much better off than ever before, Dr. Holmes was not prepared to admit either supposition. To consider them as well off as possible would put altogether too narrow a limitation on the capacity of the human race to improve its social condition, and it mattered little whether they were better off than before when it was apparent they were not as well off as they ought to be.

"But it is evident," he continued, "that there is a tendency toward worse conditions. This is the result in some degree of the mastery of human science and ingenuity over nature, resulting in what is called 'overproduction,' and it is in part the result of the war of competition between the captains of industry into which the increased power of production sometimes tempts them and sometimes compels them to engage in. The undeniable facts of the situation are that there are multitudes of idle men every year, many of whom are in a condition of chronic starvation. Not only is physical hardship the lot of the workman, but dishonor and contempt also are necessary experiences of his life. This is not because labor is contemptible, but because the poverty incident to ill and uncertainly paid labor deprives the laborer of all social consideration.

"How are these conditions to be improved? Only by instituting governments with the obligation imposed upon them of rendering possible to every man the enjoyment of the products of his own labor, only by securing to every community the products of communal life. One of the functions of a well designed and effective government would be to secure to every child a childhood free from toil and free from starvation and misery. If we are to have capable citizens in our community, the children of the community must be educated so that they shall be qualified for the citizenship. It is not more necessary for the well being of the community that all who deserve the franchise should possess the franchise than that there should be in the public schools a seat for every child in the community. Not only should there be a seat for every child, but no child should be there in hunger or in rags or in seminakedness. If there be no other means of providing the child with breakfast, dinner and supper, the state should provide. If there be no other way of clothing the child decently and providing it with a home, the state should find the means.

"These are things which a government should do. What it should not do is to place the interests of money, the interests of property, against those of manhood. It should not guarantee the will of the possessor of property to dispose of it at pleasure according to the feudal custom which we Americans have thought proper to maintain, though we have left monarchy and many of the traditions of the old world behind us. Neither should the government allow the present generation to be bound and fettered by the past. What is the use of the franchise if supreme courts can, by declaring the will of the nation unconstitutional, nullify the declaration of the nation? For the verdict of the supreme court we should substitute the referendum and initiative."

Solidarity.

The world is mine to live in and enjoy;
Is mine to love in and to weep;
Is mine to build upon, but not destroy;
Is mine to labor in and sleep.
The world is mine—my heritage it is.
It is not mine alone.
Who'e born of woman it is also his—
His title is my own.

'Tis more my own than were it given me
To hold in undisturbed repose.
For me alone a desert it would be.
Men make it blossom like the rose,
And whose will not for my title fight
Must likewise his resign.
And whose tramples on another's right
Abridges also mine.

To stand together—neither can escape
Our joint responsibility.
The injuries we do each other shape
The common racial destiny.
Our interests are mutual, communal,
Wherever we may be.
The blows which on a cowering fellah fall
Are an affront to me.

Americans, 'tis time we understood.
Our flag, the red, the white, the blue,
Means freedom, equal rights and brotherhood
For all earth's children as for you.
That fellow men in Pullman or Cathay—
It matters nothing where—
Are driven as slaves beneath a despot's sway—
That, too, is my affair.

The world grows smaller—men are closer drawn—
Antipodeans now are neighbors.
And sympathetic strikes announce the dawn
Of justice for each man who labors.
National lines are nothing—all is thine
Whose wills every man
To be as free as he would be, he is
My fellow countryman.

Our grandsires summoned hither the oppressed
Of every nation. They have thronged
Unto us from the east and west—
The souls by cruel tyrants wronged.
Our land is full, let us our shield extend
To whereso'er men be.
While anywhere man to despots bend
I am not wholly free.

—Miles Menander Dawson in Railway Times.

FAVORS ARBITRATION.

A Professor of Political Economy Before the Labor Commission.

Edward W. Bemis, associate professor of political economy at the Chicago university, gave the special labor commission the result of his study of the labor question and of the effect of arbitration. In order to consider the question of arbitration properly, he said it was necessary to divide industries into two classes—private and quasi public enterprises—as disputes between employers and employees in private enterprises could not be settled by compulsory arbitration. He thought the Massachusetts law creating a board of conciliation had been productive of good results.

The commission created by that law was in the nature of a court, composed of three men appointed by the governor and drawing good salaries. One of these is chosen from the ranks of organized labor, the second is an employer, and the third is chosen by the two, but if the first two cannot agree the governor has the power to choose the third commissioner. If possible, the parties to the dispute are then brought together. The commission is empowered to examine the employee as to wages, but not the employer as to the profits made by him. Professor Bemis thought in this the law was lacking, and that the profits and all other details of the business should be subject to the scrutiny of the commissioners. In only a few cases have the parties objected to abide by the decree of the commission, and in these the employer was generally the dissatisfied party. The commission is not authorized to enforce its decree.

With regard to the railroads the conditions are different, said Professor Bemis, as the railroads are in the nature of quasi public institutions. In disputes with railroads there are three parties—the employer, the employes and the great third party, the public. There are 900,000 employees of railroads interested, while 70,000,000 are interested in the operation of them. In cases of this kind the public has a right to be heard. Something must be devised to take the place of strikes. State and federal courts should be established, with the power of settling disputes between the employees and corporations of a quasi public nature, he thought. He favored the licensing of employees and thought they should pass a rigid examination in order to obtain licenses. Professor Bemis said if the employees then refused to abide by the decree their license should be taken away from them, and the decree could be enforced against the railroads by revoking their charters in case of disobedience.

A Novel View of the Labor Leader.

The labor leader begins his life with a desperate struggle for existence. He is obliged at the start to be aggressive and is so and has to be so to a degree, in order to keep alive. He comes from a class where children do not receive a start through the help of family. He begins to earn his own living perhaps when he is 10 or 12 years of age. The motives called forth then must more or less dominate his whole life. It means little or nothing, therefore, just to mention some unselfish acts on the part of the labor leader. We should know that they were there in advance. They would be sure to be there, owing to the way he begins his life. What we need to look for would be the indications of another spirit. It is possible that a dormant enthusiasm for higher things could awaken after the first struggle for existence has been begun and the pathway has been cleared. The real reform spirit might also take a start under these circumstances and become an influential motive in a man's life, although not the exclusive motive. But the labor leader would never be a saint.

The other motives which have been nourished in early years would always more or less exert their influence. The vital problem is whether this spirit of reform does not actuate these men to some extent. If this is the case; if they really are stirred at heart with a strong desire to improve the moral condition of the whole class to which they belong; if it is not simply a question of getting a larger share of the loaf for themselves and their fellows; if there is a genuine element of idealism in such men, then it is beyond question that as a class "they have come to stay." If the reform spirit is the real motive in their hearts, then they are liable to be a permanent factor in the coming centuries, both in the production and distribution of wealth.—W. L. Sheldon in American Journal of Politics.

Economy of High Wages.

High wages cheapen production in two ways. They make the laborer more efficient—he is stronger, more capable, more alert, and consequently the product of his labor is greater, increasing proportionately faster than the rise in wages. They also provoke and indeed necessitate a constant growth in the productive power of machinery and give the maximum of stimulus to the inventiveness of its makers. Short hours of labor produce similar results, for employer and employed are under every inducement to greater application on the one side and economies on the other, lest the volume of production should be lessened.

And in proportion as wages rise so does the demand for the products of industry rise also, for the working class—i. e., the great majority of consumers—are able to purchase more. What, then, is needed in the present and the future? More light and air for production; the abolition of all restraints, protective or otherwise, upon exchange of commodities; the increase of competition everywhere. At the same time no agency should be neglected which will help to increase the laborer's efficiency. His home, his food, his surroundings, should be jealously guarded. Art schools, museums, libraries—all that goes to improve his mind—should be provided without stint.—Edinburgh Review.

A BABY'S FACE.

How a Woman Brought Comfort to a Mother's Aching Breast.

She had been hanging around the place for a week or more. The policeman who traversed that beat had ordered her away once, but she was there again the next day, looking at the photographs on exhibition just outside the entrance to the building.

"What are you doing around here again?" he asked gruffly, somewhat nettled that his first reproof had not been heeded. "Didn't I tell you yesterday to stay away from here? Don't you know you are liable to be arrested? You don't look very well, you know," he added half apologetically, touched by the appealing look in the faded gray eyes. "The artist'll soon be raising a row. You'll hurt his trade. What do you want here anyhow?"

"That," she said wistfully, pointing to one of the photographs in the fine collection.

The policeman looked. It was the picture of a baby.

"It looks like my boy," she said tremulously. "Don't you suppose I could get one of them? It wouldn't be any harm to ask, would it?"

The policeman's harshness had vanished. Perhaps the remembrance of baby hands gone out of his own life softened his heart, and he answered kindly: "No, it won't. Come on, I'll go with you. We'll see what we can do."

The fashionable Wabash avenue artist was visibly surprised when the couple entered his studio.

"She wants to ask a favor of you," said the officer, pointing over his shoulder to the woman in rusty black. "I guess you'd better do the best you can for her."

"It's about the picture down there on the street," she proceeded timidly in answer to the photographer's look of inquiry. "I've been coming here to look at it for I don't know how long. I couldn't stay away, for, as I told him a moment ago, it's just like my boy. You see, I never had his picture taken. I couldn't afford it. I kept putting it off and putting it off, thinking that some time I would have more money, and even after he got sick I neglected it, for I couldn't believe I'd lose him."

She stopped.

"Well?" questioned the artist.

"But they sent for me to come to the hospital one night, and they told me he was dead. The first thing I thought was, 'And I haven't even a picture of him.' So ever since then I've been looking for a face like his. I've examined every photograph and every fancy picture I came across, but I never found anything resembling him but this. You have one up here, too," she said, arising and standing before a dainty face looking down at her from its place upon the wall. "The likeness is perfect. The same large, earnest eyes, the same long lashes, the same curve of brow and cheek and the same bonny smile. He was so pretty, my baby was. I wish I had that picture. Do you suppose I could get it?"

The policeman had walked to the window and was watching the throng on the street below. The artist coughed and shaded his face with his hands, and the shabby, prematurely old woman gazed longingly at the pictured face before her.

"It's an unusual request," the artist commenced doubtfully.

"But you won't refuse to grant it," a low voice interrupted, and its owner stepped through the doorway from the inner room, where she had been preparing for a sitting.

"I heard what you said," she went on, and the sweet face was transfigured with gentle sympathy as she clasped the hand of her unfortunate sister, "and I want to tell you how sorry I am that your baby died. That is my boy's picture. You can have the photograph, and you can see him. Every hour I thank God for sparing him to me."

The bit of cardboard on which were limned the features of a child resembling her dead baby was given to her, and the woman, whose heart had yearned for years for a glimpse of a face like her boy's, went out on the street again.—Chicago Tribune.

He Wanted the Latest.

The other morning a man went into a music store and asked for "Ave Maria."

"Which one do you want?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, I don't know whose it is," he said. "Give me the best one."

"Well, we have one by Gounod, Liszt, Luzzi, Mascagni, Millard, Cherubini and Dulcken—any one is good."

"Gosh," said the customer. "I didn't know there was so many. Give me Jerry Beene's."

Cherubini's was handed him, but about noon he came back dissatisfied.

"This is no good on earth," he said. "I can't make head nor tail to the tune."

Gounod's "Ave Maria" was then given him, but 3 o'clock brought him back again.

"It wasn't 'Ave Maria' at all I wanted," he explained. "It was 'Sweet Marie.'"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Highest and Lowest States.

According to the recently announced results of measurements and calculations made by the United States geological survey, Delaware is the lowest state, its elevation above sea level averaging only 60 feet. Colorado is the highest, averaging 6,800 feet above the sea, while Wyoming is a close second, only 100 feet lower than Colorado. In minimum elevation Florida and Louisiana dispute for second place after Delaware, their average elevation being, for each, 100 feet. Taking the United States as a whole, our country lies slightly above the average elevation of the land of the globe.—Youth's Companion.

No Words to Waste.

Mother—Mrs. Blank has given you some cake, and you haven't even said thank you.

Small Son—It's baker's.—Good News.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

From Japan Comes a New Method of Making Furs Ready to Wear.

A Japanese gentleman has perfected a new process for furs, called the fur transferring process, by which the ordinary skin is entirely removed, the fur alone remaining, each individual hair being attached to a flexible fabric. The advantages claimed for this process are that the furs are much softer and more pliable than ordinary skins, that they are entirely free from any unpleasant odor, and so far from being injured from being wetted they can be washed in hot water and dried like blankets. It is also said that the fur will not come out by use, as the hairs hold much closer than when implanted in the original skin. All kinds of fur can be thus transferred from the skin on which they grew on to a close and durable fabric.

The method of this transfer is at first sight rather difficult to grasp. It is obvious that each individual hair cannot be transferred singly, but that the whole must be done at once. The nature of the process, however, may be very easily indicated. The original skin, from whatever animal it may have been obtained, is placed with the fur downward, in contact with the an adhesive surface, to which the hairs become so strongly attached that the skin may be laid hold of and absolutely torn or stripped away, leaving the fur attached to the cement, and so perfectly is this accomplished that the skins themselves are capable of being utilized for leather.

The next step of the process is the covering of the roots with another adhesive material, by which they are cemented to a close woven fabric. Thus it will be seen that the external portion of the fur is tightly held by the first cement to which it was attached, while the roots of the hairs are closely cemented to the fabric which has been placed upon them. In the process of manufacture all that is now necessary is to loosen the attachment of the hairs to the cement on which they were first placed, when the whole of the fur in its original position is obtained, only cemented to the flexible fabric in lieu of the original skin.

The result is undoubtedly most successful. It is difficult to imagine a softer fur than that which is obtained.—New York Advertiser.

The Indian Canoe.

What a wonderful creation is the Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, responsive as a cork to the least ripple. Yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It was well for us that it was so, for we were heading toward a broad sheet of water that was thickly dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full force of the gale that stung our faces with wind and spray. To go against such a wind with a bark canoe would be an utter impossibility, but to run with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced auspiciously. We were making quick time. The complacent Irishman was taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but with Captain Mick's consent I tied the tails of my rubber coat to the handles of two paddles and inserted the blades in the armholes. This extemporized sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and laboring heavily, as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely deigned to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without shipping a thimbleful of water.—Outing.

It Was All Right.

Fashionable New York restaurants would drive a Bowery proprietor to suicide with their apparently lax and reckless business methods. It is the desire of well known resorts to save their patrons from all annoyances and embarrassments. An absentminded man, shortly after he became engaged to be married, invited his fiancee, her married sister and a party to the theater and afterward to supper. He ordered an extremely good supper and was feeling rather proud of the result when it occurred to him that he might have come away from his home without any money. A hurried examination showed that this was just what he had done. Now, no man likes to play the fool before the woman who has recently promised to marry him, and this man immediately felt "panicky." He left the room in a "rattled" condition to make a clean breast of the affair to the cashier. When he reached the desk, the cashier said to him before he could give a word of explanation: "Now, I know just what you are going to say. You have forgotten your pocketbook. Don't think about it for a second. It is all right." The absentminded man went back to his guests with a suddenly improved appetite for supper.—New York Tribune.

Married Life In India.

An educated Hindoo gentleman, a graduate from one of the universities, said to an English friend: "Your government did not know what it was doing when it abolished the burning of wives on their husband's funeral pyre. The fact is, we were obliged to introduce that measure to prevent our wives from poisoning us." This is a beautiful side light on the condition of things in India, and it is a sword that cuts both ways, for it not only reveals the cunning of bad men for their own safety, but shows the sort of husbands they must be whom wives would poison if the penalty were not to be burnt alive!—Boston Woman's Journal.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 3021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 6430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 530 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 530 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3750 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeehegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6138 Wallace-st; M H Roey, Fin Sec; Sec, 6138 Wallace-st; Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Crosk, C R, 99 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 339 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Morm, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 227 West Eighteenth st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nisbet, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twomey, Rec Sec, 948 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

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Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2959 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsinger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 2nd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 7107 W 63d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 63d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 623 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, G J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1069 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Bledy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 913 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 771 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1087 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1122 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 929 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 468 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 220 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, N Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3808 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Boyle, 77 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 183 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5523 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boutarik. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3291 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dowd. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 276 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hoffmann; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in St [illegible]

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